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Early English Text Society.

TORRENT OF PORTYNGALE.

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MDCCCLXXXVII.

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5 May, 1888. With this, go out four Texts: the two of the Original Series for 1887,— Dr. Horstmann's re-edition of Henry Bradshaw's *Life of St. Werburghe*, A.D. 1521; 2. Dr. orstmann's edition of the earliest MS. and form of the set of *Saints' Lives*, &c., containd in e Laud MS. 108; 3. the third and last Text for the Extra Series, 1887, *The Torrent of Portyngale*, re-edited by Dr. E. Adam (with Prof. Kölbing's help); 4. the first Text of the Original ries for 1888: Part I, the text and translation of Dr. Holthausen's edition of an early eatise on the *Vices and Virtues* from the Stowe MS. 240, ab. 1200 A.D. The other Original-ries Texts for 1888 will be Mr. Rhodes's re-edition of the Anglo-Saxon Glosses and Latin xt of Bede's *Liber Scintillarum*, and Mr. Harsley's edition of Eadwine's early 12th century *nterbury Psalter*, as to which see below. Both these texts are nearly all in type.

For the Extra Series, 1888, Bullein's *Dialogue on the Feuer Pestilence*, 1567, has been for a ng while all in type and revised; and it will go out as soon as its Editors, Messrs. A. H. nd Mark Bullen, allow. The second book for this year will be a new edition of the first nglish *Anatomie of the Body of Man*, by Thomas Vicary, Serjeant of the Surgeons, and Chief urgeon to Henry VIII, Edward VI, Q. Mary, and Q. Elizabeth, five times Master of the arber-Surgeons' Company, and Chief Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital after its re-oundation in 1546-7 by Henry VIII. and the City of London. No copy of the first edition of his little book in 1548 is now known; and therefore the unique copy of it, re-issued by the urgeons of Bartholomew's in 1577, has been reprinted. Diligent efforts have been made to ecure all accessible details of Vicary's life in its various aspects of—1. 'a meane practiser at Maidstone'; 2. the head Court-Surgeon for over forty years; 3. a member (1527-62) and Master of the Barber-Surgeons' Company; 4. the re-organiser of the recreated Bartholomew's Hospital; and 5. a private citizen. But though fair success has attended the searches under ections 2 and 5, little has been attained under 1; while for 3 and 4, delay is still needful.

Mr. D'Arcy Power has, by the kind leave of Mr. South's widow, lent the Society Mr. South's full extracts from the earliest Minute-Book of the Barber-Surgeons' Company; but the Governors of the Company have refused to allow the printing of any of the extracts, inasmuch as Mr. Sidney Young, a member of the Company, has long been compiling its history from its records, and he does not wish any of these printed before his book is publisht, which may be some years hence. With regard to Bartholomew's Hospital, Part I of its Records is now printing by two Officers of the Hospital; and till their First Part is out, the Society's book cannot be completed. This will therefore be issued in two Parts, of which the first (all now in type) will contain all Vicary's work, with its many illustrative Documents from the Public Record Office, the Guildhall Records, the Museum MSS., &c., while in Part II will be the Notes, Indexes, and Forewords, with a Life of Vicary. Nearly all the Forewords, save the Bartholomew's section—the old Surgeon's life at the Hospital in 1548-62—are in type. The New Shakspere Society has sold the Early English Text Society the right to print copies of its plates of Edward VI's Coronation Procession through the City of London in 1547, and Norden's Plan of London in 1593; and other illustrations will be given. The Editors are the Director, and his son Mr. Percy Furnivall, a student of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It is hoped that Part I of the book will be ready at once.

Mr. Alexander J. Ellis has already in type over three hundred pages of Part V of his great work on *Early English Pronunciation*, dealing with our modern dialects. This will be issued by the Philological and Chaucer Societies jointly with the Early English Text Society; but the date of publication must depend on the progress of the very intricate and laborious work, and the funds of the several Societies. The Part will undoubtedly be finisht next year.

Dr. Aldis Wright many years ago undertook the editing of the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters for the Society. As a preliminary, he copied the 12th century (?ab. 1150 A.D.) Trinity MS. of Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter, which has transitional forms like the change of Anglo-Saxon *c* to *ch* (*wyrchende* for A.Sax. *wyrcende*), the weakening of full vowels in the endings, *senfullen* for A.Sax. *synfullan*, &c. Dr. Aldis Wright also made notes of all the other Anglo-Saxon Psalters from the ninth to the twelfth century, and tentatively classified them by the Roman and Gallican versions which they respectively gloss. Meantime Dr. Hy. Sweet edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society. The next step should have been to collate six or eight Psalms from all the MSS., and see whether one or (at most) two texts, with collations, would not have sufficed for the whole body. But as Mr. Harsley, to whom Dr. Aldis Wright kindly handed his whole material, wanted one text printed forthwith for his Doctor's Dissertation, leave was given for the late Canterbury Psalter to go to press; and now the text of it is all printed. Dr. Logeman then raised the question of how the other MSS. should be treated; and he was authorised to prepare a Parallel-Text edition of the first ten Psalms from all the MSS., to test whether the best way of printing them would be in one group, or in two—in each case giving parts of all the MSS. on one page—under their respective Roman and Gallican Latin originals. If collation proves that all the MSS. cannot go together on successive pages, there will be two Parallel-Texts, one of the A.Sax. MSS. following the Roman version, and the other, of those glossing the Gallican; but every effort will be made to get the whole into one Parallel-Text. This Text will be an extravagance; but as the Society has not yet committed one in Anglo-Saxon, it will indulge in one now. And every student will rejoice at having the whole Psalter material before him in the most convenient form. Dr. Logeman and Mr. Harsley will be joint editors of the Parallel-Text. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of Prof. Arber, the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints. The *Ayenbite of Inwyt* is now reprinting under the supervision of its Editor, Dr. Richard Morris.

Members are reminded that fresh Subscribers are always wanted, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

Our *Jubilee Reprint Fund*, for which Mr. M. T. Culley of Coupland Castle has sent a Letter of Appeal to every Member, has as yet receivd but little support, tho' Mr. Mortimer Harris started it with a cheque for two guineas. Further Donations will be welcome. They should be paid to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. A. Dalziel, 67 Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, under the editorship of Dr. Carl Horstmann. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. In many will be found interesting incidental details of our forefathers' social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be lookt on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. The differences between the foundation MS. (the Laud 108) and its followers are so great, that, to prevent quite unwieldy collations, Dr. Horstmann decided that the Laud MS. must be printed alone, as the first of the Series of Saints' Lives. The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes. The Glossary to the whole set, the discussion of the sources, and of the relation of the MSS. to one another, &c., will be put in a final volume.

When the Saints' Lives are complete, Trevisa's englishing of *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval Cyclopædia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Dr. Holthausen has kindly said that he will probably edit it. Before it goes to press, Prof. Napier of Oxford has been good enough to promise that he will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Aelfric's prose,[1] Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Aelfric's Metrical Homilies. Prof. Kölbing has also undertaken for the Society a Parallel-Text of all the six MSS. of the *Ancren Riwle*, one of the most important foundation-documents of Early English.

For 1889, Dr. Holthausen's Part II, the Introduction, Notes, and Glossary to the Stowe MS. *Vices and Virtues*, will probably be ready in January. What other books will follow, must depend on when any editor of one of the many works in preparation for the Society has a Part or the whole of it ready for issue. Lists of these Works are on the last page of the Cover and the first of this inside quarter-sheet.

In case more texts are ready at any time than can be paid for by the current year's income, they will be dated the next year, and issued in advance to such Members as will pay advance subscriptions. Last year's delay in getting out Texts must not occur again, if it can possibly be avoided.

1 Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Aelfric Society, are still in stock.
Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

Wyclif, founded by Dr. Furnivall in 1882, for the printing of all Wyclif's Latin MSS. *Hon. Sec.*, J. H. Standerwick, General Post Office, London, E.C. One Guinea a year.

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Browning, founded by Dr. Furnivall and Miss Hickey in 1881, for the study and discussion of Robert Browning's Works, print Papers on them, illustrations of them, and to procure the performance of the poet's plays. *President*, Dr. Furnivall. *Hon. Sec.*, W. B. Slater, 249, Camden Road, London, N. Subscription, One Guinea a year.

Philological, founded in 1842, to investigate the Structure, Affinities, and the History of Languages. *Hon. Sec.*, F. J. Furnivall, 3, St. George's Sq., Primrose Hill, London, N.W. One Guinea entrance, and one a year. Parts I., II., and III. of the Society's New English Dictionary, for which material has been collecting for 30 years, have lately been issued, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, and publisht by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Part IV (nearly ready) will complete vol. i. (A-B), and start vol. ii. (C-D). Mr. Henry Bradley is now joint Editor, and has begun vol. iii. with E.

Wagner, to promote the study of his Musical and other works, and the performance of his Operas at Bayreuth. *Hon. Sec.* for England, B. L. Mosley, 55, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. Subscription, Ten Shillings a year.

Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles, issued under the superintendence of Dr. Furnivall, 10*s.* 6*d.* each, or 6*s.* if the whole series of forty-three is taken, edited by F. J. Furnivall, Prof. Dowden, Mr. P. A. Daniel, Mr. H. A. Evans, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. T. Tyler, and other Shakspere scholars. B. Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly, London, W. (Thirty-five Facsimiles have been published, and eight more will be ready soon. The Series will be completed in 1888.)

Torrent of Portyngale.

Early English Text Society.

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Torrent of Portyngale.

INTRODUCTION.

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§ 1. The manuscript from which the following romance of *Sir Torrent of Portugal* is taken, is a folio volume on paper, of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester.

A description of this volume is given by Halliwell in his *Account of the European MSS. in the Chetham Library at Manchester*, Manchester, 1842, page 16, and by Prof. Koelbing in his *Englische Studien*, vii. 195. The only edition of this romance that we have hitherto had was done by Halliwell. As he had, besides his own transcript, another copy made by Madden, his text is a pretty accurate one, and therefore the results of Prof. Koelbing's collation, printed in his *Englische Studien*, vii. 344 ff., concern, for the most part, things of little importance, except one very curious passage, l. 88, where Halliwell renders the quite correct reading of the MS., *p la more de dewe = par l'amour de dieu*, by *Pericula more bedew[n]e*. Also, from l. 1720, the counting of the lines is wrong by 100 lines.

A few short fragments of a printed edition were found by Halliwell in the Douce Collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford, and added to his work as an Appendix. They contain the following passages of the MS.:

Fragment III. = lines 462—489.
„ II. = „ 492—520.
„ VI. = „ 820—851.
„ V. = „ 917—948.
„ IV. = „ 949—970.
„ I. = „ 1807—1866.

A seventh fragment, of which not much more than the rhyming words are preserved, was omitted by Halliwell, and was printed for the first time in Prof. Koelbing's collation.

This Chetham MS. contains the romance in a very debased and corrupt form, so that the original reading in many passages can hardly be recognized.[1] The scribe, who copied the poem from an older MS., lived (no doubt) at a far later period than the poet; he did not therefore understand a great many old expressions, and these he used to supplant by words of his own; he also transposed and even omitted many lines, and spoiled the rhyme, because he had not the slightest idea of the nature of the stanza in which the poem is composed. Halliwell did not trouble himself about the restoration of the true readings; he merely reproduced the traditional text, even where it would have been very easy to do more, though many passages are hopelessly corrupt; still worse is the fact, that he did not recognize the metre as the tail-rhymed twelve-line stanza, for he prints six-line stanzas.

In consequence, the whole of the philological work on the text had still to be done, and a new edition was plainly necessary; the more that this poem, though not written in the best period of romance poetry, treats of a legendary subject widely spread in the Middle Ages, and is nearly related to another poem, *Syr Eglamour of Artois*.

§ 2. METRE AND VERSIFICATION.

As I mentioned before, the romance of *Sir Torrent* is composed in the well-known tail-rhymed twelve-line stanza, and belongs to that class of it in which the first and the second couplets have different rhyme-sounds (cf. Koelbing, *Amis and Amiloun*, p. xiv ff.).

[1] Halliwell says, Preface v f.: 'It is very incorrectly written, and the copy of the romance of Torrent of Portugal, which occupies 88 pages of the book, contains so many obvious blunders and omissions, that it may be conjectured with great probability to have been written down from oral recitation.

Only the incompleteness of many stanzas, and the many defects in reference to the rhyme, can excuse Halliwell for not apprehending the character of the metre. As to the structure of the eight lines of the four couplets, each contains (or at least ought to contain) four accents, the *caudæ* three; but as we, unfortunately, possess only one MS., a conclusive statement on this point is impossible. There is no doubt about the fact that neither the really incorrect rhymes nor the wanting of them can be due to the author of the poem: even when romance poetry was decaying, the poets were fairly perfect rhymers: with all deficiencies in this department, the copyists are to be charged.

Consonant rhymes (s. *Schipper Altengl. Metrik*, p. 299) are found in *Torrent* in the following passages: l. 141 *rode—rode* ags. *rôd—râd.* 450 *the—the* ags. þeón—þe. 1558 *indede—dede.* 2205 *lay—lay, sg.—plr. prt.*

Identical rhymes are frequent, especially in the *caudæ:* 81 *stond—stond.* 177 *there—there.* 500 *he—hee.* 1887 *there—there.* 2538 *blithe—blithe.* 39 *take—take.* 342 *bold—bold*, a. s. o.

Assonances: 195 *bon⁾—Rome.* 518 *undyrstond—strong.* 537 *name—alone.* 699 *yod—fotte.* 758 *name—tane.* 896 *bryng—wynd.* 1257 *overcom⁾—Aragon⁾.* 1768 *man⁾—cam⁾.* 2164 *anon⁾—fome.* 2544 *sithe—hide.*

Besides the rhymes we find abundant alliteration, as in most of the Middle English Romances. On alliteration, cf. Regel, Die alliteration in Laȝamon, *Germ. Stud.* I. 171; F. Lindner, The alliteration in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, *Essays on Chaucer*, Pt. III., p. 197 ff. Koelbing, *Sir Tristrem*, p. xxxvii, and *Amis and Amiloun*, p. lxvi. Lindner as well as Koelbing has adopted Regel's classification, and so shall I. The most frequent is two alliterative words in one verse; they can be classed in the following way:—

I. A. The same word is repeated in two succeeding lines; v. 456 f.: *Forthe sche browght a* whyt *sted, As* whyt *as the flowyr in⁾ med;* v. 618 f.: *In IV* quarters *he hym drowe, And euery* quarter *vppon a bowe.* v. 2026 f.: *But ran into a* wilder*nes Amongist beests that* wyld *wes.* v. 2465 f.: *They axid* hors *and armes bryght, to* hors*bak went thay in ffere.*

B. *Alliterative combinations, one part of which is a proper name.* *Torrent* is several times combined with the verb *take;* 26: *Towarde hym he takythe Torrayne;* 224: *Torrent thether toke the way;* 519: *Torrent toke a dulful wey;* 2269: *Whan sir Torent was takyn' than';* 91: *Now, be my trowthe, seyd Torent than';* 1161: *Alas, said Desoneн the dere;* 2523: *As was dame Desoneн;* 1906 = 1946 = 1969: *Mary myld. To send unto her Sathanas.* v. 1091: *The casteн of Cardon'.*

II. A. *Words of the same root are alliterative.* 133: *Torrent, on* kne kne*lyd he;* 671: *That on hys* kne *he* kne*ld;* 2502: *And* kne*lid on her* kne; 205: *Torrent* kne*lyd on hys* kne = v. 528; 881: *And* kne*lyd vppon ys* kne; 1883: *She* kne*lid down' vppon' her* kne; 2563: *Down' they* kne*lid on' her* kne; 512: *By dymmynge of the* day; 1158: *For her love did I never no dede;* 1801: *That ylke dede, that she hath done;* 1943: *How she flew in a fflight;* 2384: Liffe *and* ly*velode, whiн I* lyve; 233: *A* lyon' *& a* lyon*asse;* 1671: *For to se that selly sight;* 407: *For the talles thou hast me told;* 1466: *And fals talis hym' told;* 2578: *Euer we* wiн *be at youre* wiн.

B. Relations in which alliterative words stand to each other according to their meaning.

a. Concrete ideas are joined together because they belong to the same sphere of life. 2017: *Byrdus and bestis, aye woo ye be;* 113: b*one and blod;* 21: k*yng and knyght;* 83: *And ryche castelles in that contre;* 251: *In lond with a fyndes fere;* 102: *That fyndes fare for aye;* 1094: *Both at knyght and knave;* 584: *Bothe in' frethe and in feld;* 660: *Stomlyng thurrow frythe and fen';* 1378: *Both be hold and be hyн;* 2398: *lym' and lith;* 750: L*ytyн and myky*н, *lese and more;* 1899: *That was lord of aн that lond;* 2152: *Loo, lordys of euery lond;* 2375: *With aн maner of mynstralsye;* 149: *He reynyd hys sted vnto a stake;* 1065: W*aytes on the waн gan blowe;* 13: *water and wynde.*

b. In the same way abstract ideas are connected, so far as they belong to the same sphere of life. 460: *That dethe ys dynt schalt þou not thole;* 1600: *Of deth yaue he no dout;* 782 = 2062: *feyer and fre;* 2153: F*alshode wyн haue a foule end;* 1988: H*elpe*

and hold *I shall hym yeve;* 1492: *They sat and song;* 683: *Cryst hym saue and see;* 1303: *That he was sad and sore;* 1612: *set sadly and sore;* 335: *God that sofryd wonddes sore;* 322: *stiff and strong* = 1491 = 2590; 1205: *That wekyd was and wight;* 1584: *wekyd and wight;* 1849: *Her one child woke and be-gan to wepe;* 1559: *And wot ye well and not wene;* 246: *Sche weppte, as sche were wod.*

C. The grammatical relations in which the alliterative words stand to each other.

a. Subst. and adj. in attributive or predicative combinations. *As bold as eny bore; With browes brod and wyde;* 142: *hys bugeH bold;* 307: *In a dongon) that ys dym;* 82: *My fayer) forestes fellythe downe he;* 209: *The feyer) fyld;* 426: *glemyrryng ase the glase;* 1592: *good gate;* 171 = 596: *the holtes hore;* 1484: *To an hye hyll;* 1183: *sydes sare;* 154: *Thowe the wey nevyr so wykkyd were;* 2054: *wekyd weders;* 506: *In the wyld-some way;* 535: *Wyldsom weyes haue I went;* 2030: *She went on that wilsom) way.*

b. Verbs or adjectives combined with the adverb or substantive which contains their secondary adverbial meaning. 1478: *To be here at his bane,* cf. 1678: *That there his bane hath be;* 1944: *To her birdus was she boun);* 2016: *With blis on euery bowze;* 135: *That bowght hym with hys blod;* 1045: *Thurrow the body he gan hym bere;* 1404: *To the bote they bare;* 334: *Thus he covyrd owt of care;* 27: *That dowghtty ys in dedde,* cf. 1725; 98: *With-owt fere that he schold fare;* 603 = 977: *Also fast ase he myght fare;* 536: *With fyndes for to fyght;* 802: *To fyght with that fyndes fere;* 1262: *That was grow both grene and gay;* 1060 = 2330: *Torent be the hond he hent;* 270: *That meche ys of myght;* 713: *That meche wase of myght;* 24: *For God ys most of myght,* cf. 1112: *To a man off myght;* 1879: *Vp she rose ageyn) the rough;* 2100: *Go sech her in) the see;* 2129: *And sett hym) oute in to the see;* 2469: *That semely to se were;* 126: *And symly was to sene;* 415: *That dare I sothely sey;* 1170: *Torrent sett on hym) so sore;* 139: *Serttes, yf I hym slepyng slone;* 181: *Torrent vndyr hys spryt he sprent;* 179: *But stond styH;* 2410: *He is so stiff at euery stoure;*

987 : *Torrent in*) *the* storrope stod; 1912 : *For no* stroke *wold she* stynt; 2060 : *By a* tokyn) *I* shaƗ *the* teƗ; 2397 : *Or* walkyd *in* wede; 383 : *In hys* walke *ther ase he* went; 725 : *And* went *forthe on hys* wey; 107 : *And on hys* wey *gan he* wynd; 2030 : *She* went *on that* wilsom) way; 989 : *ale* wyld *at* wyle; 2088 : *In no* wise *he* wold; 1206 : *To* wed *her to my* wyffe; 749 : *That* wyt *ys vndyr* wede; 1315 : *AƗ men* wonderid *on that* wight; 33 : worthyest *in* wede.

c. Substantives and verbs are combined in the relation of subject and predicate. 2221 : *Down* knelid *that* knyght; 854 : *Whether the* fynd *can* fyght; 2390 : *There that his* lady lent; 2064 : *My* love *was on the* lent; 1219 : *Gret* lordys *to churche her* led; 170 : *The fyndes* spere sparrythe *hyme nothyng*; 84 : *No* ston *lettythe he* stond.

d. Verbs and substantives are combined as predicate and object. 2490 : *his* bak *to* bend; 2532 : *That* couth *moche* curtesye; 273 : *Thy* dethe *than wyƗ he* dyght, cf. 1043 : *Hys* dethe *to hyme ys* dyght; 1648 : *Thy* deth *now is* dight; 2123 : *What* deth *they wold hym* do; 161 : *My lordes* frethe *thus to* feƗ; 2235 : Found *hym his* fiƗ *off* ffyght; 1743 : *The* fforward *ye to* fulleffylle; 651 : *He* gathyred *svm of hys* gere; 210 : *Vpp both his* handes *he* held; 1799 : *For Iesu is love, that* harood heƗ; 1820 : *Whan they* led *that* lady *ffre*; 2080 : Leve *we now that* lady *gent*; 1663 : *Ech on other* laid *good* lode; 1495 : *To god that* made man; 435 : *A gret* maynerey *let he* make ryght; 264 : *To hym sche* mad *here* mone; 645 : *He* rawght *Torrent soche a* rowght; 1172 : *And aƗ to* sheverd *his* sheld; 502 : *Tho he be* strod *anoble* stede; 2482 : *Torent be* strode *a stede* strong; 281 : *I schaƗ the* teƗ *soche a* tokyn); 2013 : *Ne* wanted *she no* woo; 115 : *He that schaƗ* wend *soche a* wey; 439 : *Hom-ward to* wend *ther* wey; 2448 : *And than*) *to* wend *her* way; 2457 : *And to her logyng* went *her* way; 1544 : *Other* wayes *yf I* wend; 207 : *That hathe thys* world *to* wyld.

§ 3. THE DIALECT.

The stanza of twelve lines was probably first employed in the north of England; at least it would be difficult to prove the exist-

ence of a poem composed in this metre in the southern part of the country; therefore it is beforehand probable that the romance of *Torrent* was composed either in some part of the Midlands or in the North. In order to determine the dialect more precisely, we restrict ourselves to a careful consideration of the rhymes.

1. SHORT VOWELS.

Old English *ă* is (1) preserved before *n* and *m:* 744 and 788 *Iame—name.* 927 *Adryan—jentylmane.* 13 *londe—wonande.* 352 *stond—lygand.* 1128 *stond—shynand.* No part. pres. on-*ond* rhyming with an unvariable *-ond* has been traced out until now, but 1824 *wepand—wonde* (ags. *wunden*) seems to be the first. 2. Changed into *o.* 516 *rome—frome* ags. *rûm—fram.* 2446 *mon*) *—done.* 1190 *none—shone—anon—done.* 1257 *ouercom—Aragon*). 1989 *son—can* (= *con*). 2040 *anon*)*—bone.* A curious exception is 1929 *grame* (= *greme*)*—tome—Ierusalem;* cf. *Gaw.* l. 312.

O.E. *e*, the *i*-umlaut of *a*, is preserved: 373 *end—wend.* 476 *went—jent.* 924 *teH—hell.* 1702 *hell—DesoneHe.* 1798 *feH—heH.* The past partic. of *seón, segen*, has been contracted into *sen.* 1562 *sene—wene.*

O.E. *æ* has become *a:* 45 *spake—take.* 363 *ffare—bare.* 726 and 876 *sale—PortyngaHe.* 1074 *passe—was.* 1131 *sale —tale.* 1233 *thare—fare.* 1236 *was—Sathanas.* 1399 *care—thare.* 2287 *was—alas.*

æ has become *e:* 2026 *wildernes—was.* 764 *derre—clere—ware* (ags. *wær*). 1951 *there—bere.* 328 *glad* (= *gled*)*—redd.*

æ has become *ay* by the vocalization of the following *g:* 25 *fayne —Torrayne.* 1025 *may—day, wey—laye.* 1071 *say—day.* 2029 *day—way.*

O.E. *ea* becomes *o* before *ld:* 303 *hold—bold, fold* (ags. *folde*) *—cold.* 422 *gold—mold, hold—told.*

ea has become *a:* 399 *PortyngaH—bale* (ags. *bealu*). 531 *care —far*) (ags. *cearu*). 1891 *ffare—care.*

ea has become *e:* 1166 *beheld—feld—sheld—weld* (ags. *wealdan*). 2359 *preste—breste* (ags. *bearst*).

O.E. *eo* has turned into *e:* 1166 *beheld—ffeld—sheld—weld.*

O.E. *i* is preserved as *i* and *y:* 51 *knyght—nyght.* 307 *dym—hym.* 1783 *myld—child.* Only once this vowel has changed into *e*: 714 *wret—yet.* *i* rhymes with *e*: 3 *wynde—ende—lende—ffynde.*

O.E. *ŏ* is unaltered: 422 *gold—mold.* 1122 *gold—mold.*

O.E. *ŭ* has become *o:* 367 *dore* (ags. *duru*)*—befor*). 765 *Aragon*)*—son*). 1257 *ouer com—Aragon*). 1762 *com*)*—kyngdome.* 1801 *done—sonne* (ags. *sunu*). 2320 *sonne—dungeon.*

O.E. *ÿ*, the *i*-umlaut of *ŭ*, has the value of *i*, written *i* or *y:* 390 *kysse—iwysse.* 1564 *ti*Ħ*—fullefy*Ħ, *y*Ħ*—wy*Ħ. 1740 *evy*Ħ*—fulle fylle.* Only once it rhymes with *e*: 1484 *hy*Ħ (= *he*Ħ)*—ye*Ħ*—be-fe*Ħ*—we*Ħ, never with *u.*

2. LONG VOWELS.

O.E. *â* is preserved in the following rhymes:[1] *a.* 39 *take—stroke* (= *strake*, ags. *strâc*), *spake—take.* 97 *sore—fare.* 103 *goos—takythe* (= *gas—tas*). 280 *wakyn*)*—tokyn*) (ags. *tâcen*). 334 *care—sore.* 590 *fare—wher, hore—care.* 705 *fare—gere* (ags. *gâr*). 788 *Iame—name, bone—schame.* 834 *ga—ma.* 977 *fare—bare, sare—chaffare.* 1143 *glade—rade.* 1238 *Cate—gate, bad—wott* (ags. *wât*). 1251 *brod—made;* cf. 1303, 1306, 1501, 1526, 1604, 1612, 1663, 1669, 1825, 1911, 2178, 2356, 2617.

b. O.E. *â* has changed into *o:* 16 *sone* (ags. *sunu*)*—gon.* 141 *rode—rode* (ags. *rôd—râd*). 195 *bon* (ags. *bân*)*—Rome.* 238 *wote* (ags. *wât*)*—fote.* 654 *browȝ—goo.* 1062 *tho—do.* Cf. 1196, 1226, 1295, 1381, 1809, 1812, 1815, 2013, 2025, 2028, 2037, 2046, 2295, 2298, 2301, 2542. The result is, that in 26 cases old *â* is preserved, in 22 cases changed into *ô.*

O.E. *ê* is turned into (1) *a:* 154 *were—fare.* 603 *fare—were.* 1020 *were—fare.* 2074 *care—ware.*

Into (2) *e.* 379 *dede* (ags. *dêd*)*—hed.* 1047 *were—chere.* 1053 *sped—lede* (ags. *lêdan*). 1263 *stede—wede* (ags. *wêd*).

[1] The rhymes with *tane* and with *John* are not quoted, as these words occur also as *tone* and *Johan;* they are, therefore, of no use in fixing the sound of the *â.*

Into (3) *o*. 1113 *mone* (ags. *mônan*)—*Aragon*. 1384 *beffore—there—were*.

O.E. *ô* is preserved throughout: 73 *wode—good*. 112 *rode—blod*. 118 *Rome—kyrstendome*. 313 *done—sone*.

Before *g* the vowel *u* resp. *w* is inserted: 145 *browght—nowght*. 279 *browght—thowght*. 2053 *sought—brought*.

O.E. *ê* is preserved: 123 *kene—scne*. 743 *dede—sped, wede*. 1849 *wepe—slepe*. 2055 *grene—kene*. 2458 *be dene—wene*.

O.E. *î* is preserved as *y*: 196 *tyd—syd*. 325 *fyve—lyve*. 777 *wyse—deuyce*. 900 *ryde—syde*.

O.E. *û* is written *ou* resp. *ow* in the French way: 921 *renowne—towyn*). 978 *downe—renowne*. 1425 *nowe—rowe*. 2634 *mouth—couth*. It has become *o*: 516 *rome—frome* (ags. *rûm—from*). Cf. 2641 *renown—son*.

O.E. *eá* has become *e*: 1929 *grame—streme, Jerusalem*. 2554 *Jerusalem*)*—streme* (ags. *streám*).

O.E. *eó* has changed into *e*: 153 *be—hee*: 782 *fre—he*. 888 *tre—crystyanté*. 1643 *be—charité*. 1861 *ffree—cité*.

O.E. *ŷ* remains *y*: 1361 *pride—bedsyde*. 1433 *pryde—ryde*. 1473 *wyde—pride*. *ŷ* or *ê*, the *i*-umlaut of *eá* or *e*, is found as *e*: 63 *were—here* (ags. *hŷran*). 235 *here—were*. 327 *sted—yed, nede—sped*. 408 *yede—ned*. 1552 *stede—nede, indede*.

3. THE INFLEXIONS.

The plural of the substantives terminates in (1) *s* resp. *ys*: 837 *ryghtys—knyghtes*. 1298 *stonys—nonys*.

(2) in *n*: 458 *slon—appon*. 1116 *done—shone*. 1193 *shone—anon, done*.

(3) is formed by *i*-umlaut: *men* 1784, 2282, but 2197 *wan—men* (= *man*).

(4) has no inflexion: 651 *gere—spere*. 705 *far—gere*. 836 *hend—frende, sende*. 1173 *ffere—yere*. 1405 *hend—frend*. 1556 *stone—gone*. 2188 *were—yere*. 2194 *here—yere*. The inflexions of the adjectives have totally disappeared.

The *infinitive* ends in *-ne* or *n*, or has no termination at all.

(1) with *n:* 123 *kene—see* (= *sene*). 217 *ageyne—sayne.* 262 *fayne—slayne.* 489 *Mavdeleyn—seyne;* 16 *sone—gon.*

(2) without *n:* 67 *sake—take.* 93 *kynd—fynd.* 148 *wake—stake.* 184 *so—goo.* 434 *Adolake—take.* 1062 *tho—do.* 1762 *me—se.*

The 2nd person sing. of the pres. ind. occurs only once in the rhyme, 1333 *tase—thou hase, tas—gas.*

The 3rd person sing. of the present indicative ends in *s:* 187 *tellys—ellys.* 2317 *rose—gose.* 558 *tellythe—elles* (The rhyme shows that *tellys* must be inserted; cf. 103 *gos—takythe*, and 858 *gothe—toke* = *gas—tas.*) Only once *th* occurs: 2047 *Nazareth—gethe* (ags. *gæð*). On this remarkable form see Zupitza, *Guy of Warwick*, note on l. 11075. The plural has no termination: 3 *wynde—ende—lende.*

The *subjunctive* mood has no inflexions: 70 *sped—stede*, 3rd pers. 87 *blynd—wynde*, 3rd pers. 213 *fyld—schyld*, 3rd pers. 416 *sey—may*, 2nd pers. sg. 584 *feld—schyld*, 3rd pers. sg. 1978 *saue—haue;* but observe 139 *slone—none* and 1839 *sene—grene.*

The *present participle* ends usually in *-ande* (*onde*): 13 *londe—wonande.* 127 *fonde—growonde.* 315 *levand—bond.* 352 *stand—lygand.* 358 *vndyrstond—levand.* 1128 *stond—shynand.* 1280 *fayland—lond.* 1445 *fleand—waraunt.* 1452 *ffand—goand.* 1821 *lond—wepand.* 1899 *lond—pleyand.* 2104 *hond—levand.* Thrice *-yng* is found: 268 *kyng—dwellyng*, 1638 and 2568.

The *gerund* terminates always in *ing* (*yng*): 1479 *kyng—rydyng.* 1503 *comyng—kyng.* 1933 *ryng—lettyng.* 2509 *kyng—lesyng.*

Observe the 2nd pers. sing. of a past tense, 1589 *thou cam'—slan'*, of a praeterito-praesens, 410 *they—sey, thow may.* 1543 *away—aye, may.* 2001 *may—welaway.*

The *past participle* of strong verbs terminates in *n:* 482 *syne—schene, wene—clene.* 675 *slayne—rayne.* 800 *slayne—trayne.* 1292 *fayn'—slayn'.* 1562 *sene—wene.* 2323 *alone—slone.* We don't find one certain instance for the dropping of this *n*, besides 1678 and 2063 *be.*

The *past tense plural* of strong verbs has the same vowel as the singular: 1452 They *ffound* (r. *ffand*)—*goand*. 1458 *began*—*gentilman*. 1753 *tong*—*dong*.

The 3rd pers. of the present indic. of *to be* = *ys* or *es:* cf. 738 *blyse*—*ys*. 2413 *ys*—*Raynes*. Once *ys* is found as plural: 2524 *ys*—*iwys*. The *present subjunctive* is *be* through all persons: 208 *be*—*me*, 2nd pers. 614 *be*—*se*, 3rd pers. 884 *the*—*bee*, 3rd pers. 2017 *be*—*me*, 2nd pers. plr. The infinitive *be* and *bene:* 49 *the*—*bee*. 483 *be*—*see*. 1643 *be*—*charite*. 903 *the*—*bee*. 1833 *clene*—*bene*. 2161 *quene*—*bene*. 2613 *bene*—*kene*. The *past tense singular number* is *was* or *wes:* 247 *alas*—*wase*. 426 *glase*—*was*. 771 *pase*—*wase*. 1873 *wyldernes*—*was* (= *wes*). The plural *were*, *ware*, *wore*, as well as *was*, *wes:* (1) l. 402 *wer*)—*cher*. 1047 *were*—*chere*. 1845 *were*—*ffere*. 2586 *squiere*—*were*, *here*—*clere*. (2) 603 *fare*—*were*. 2494 *ware*—*bare*. 1384 *beffore*—*there*, *were* (= *wore*). (3) 384 *pase*—*wase*. 1388 *passe*—*was*. (4) 2026 *wildernes*—*was* (= *wes*). 2545 *wildernes*—*was;* cf. l. 2584. The subjunctive mood of the past tense is *were* and *ware*, in sgl. and plr.: 225 *were*—*clere*. 235 *here*—*were*. 1696 *chere*—*were*. 2476 *were*—*bere*. 154 *were* (= *ware*)—*fare*. 1020 *wer* (= *ware*)—*fare*. 2074 *care*—*ware*. The past participle: 7 *bedene*—*ben*. 172 *byne*—*seyn*. 2344 *ibene*—*kene*. 1678 *be*—*crystiaunte*.

From this inquiry into the sounds and inflexions, the following conclusions can be drawn:

The development of *ă* is of no use in fixing the dialect. Nor is *ea*, which has become *a*, *o*, and *e*, to be deemed a characteristic either of the Midland or Northern dialect. Ags. *ea* occurs as *o* as early as 1250 in the *Northumbrian Psalter*, and 50 years afterwards in *Sir Tristrem* and *Sir Perceval;* even Richard Rolle in his *Pricke of Conscience* offers one instance of this change (cf. *Sir Tristrem*, p. lxix f.).

The development of the ags. *â*, which we find in 26 passages as *a*, in 22 as *o*, is remarkable. There are only a very few instances of this change in *Sir Tristrem*, p. lxxi, and in the *Psalter;* and this almost equal number of *a*- and *o*-rhymes proves evidently that the poem cannot belong to a Northern country. At the same time, a pro-

portion like that would be impossible in a text of Southern origin. The same negative result is to be derived from the fact that Ags. *y* is always written *y*.

As to the inflexions, the plurals of the substantives are formed by adding *-s* or *-n* (*en*), or by vowel change, or they have no inflexions at all. As for the inflexion *-n*, it only occurs in *slon* and *shon*, and of this very word the plural in *n* is to be met with even in Northern writers.

The infinitives both preserve or drop the final *n*, as is the rule with the Midland dialect; the form of the past participle with *n* accords with the use of the Northern writers.

The present partic. ending in *-and* and the past tense plurals of strong verbs having adopted the vowel of the singular, agree with the North as well as with the northern districts of the Midland, in the same way as some forms of *to be:* plr. prs. *ys* and plr. prt. *was*, besides the usual forms *be* and *are*, resp. *were* and *ware*, and the contracted forms of *take:* 758 *name—tane.* 1095 *gane—itane.* 1825 *ta—twa* (cf. 231, 286, 859, 1333, 1475, 1722, 1733, 2617).

The forms *thou has* and *thou may* point to the West.

The inflexions of the 3rd pers. prs. sg. are *-th* and *-s*. In the western part of the Midland we never meet with the ending *th*, but only with *s*. In *Amis and Amiloun*, the Eastern origin of which seems to be sure, only the inflexion *-eþ* is found in the rhyme (*Amis*, p. xxx ff.).

The romance of *Sir Torrent* seems to be the first document hitherto considered where both these forms occur, one by the side of the other. Perhaps this fact justifies us in concluding that this poem was composed in the east, but on the borders of the west, Midland.

§ 4. THE CONTENTS OF THE ROMANCE.

Before entering on an inquiry into the sources of the romance, it may be expedient to give a short account of its contents.

In Portugal once reigned a mighty king, whose name was Calamond. He had an only daughter, the fair and gentle Desonelle, who was loved by a young knight called Torrent, son of a Portuguese

count. As he could not win her, save by distinguishing himself by valiant exploits, he undertook several adventurous expeditions. First he set out, by the order of the king, against a mischievous and dangerous giant, whom he found lying fast asleep on a hill. He roused the giant by sounding his bugle, and challenged him to fight. Instantly a fierce combat ensued, in which the awkward giant lost his life. In the giant's castle the young hero delivered a maiden, Eleonore, daughter of the king of Gales, from captivity, and rescued at the same time four princes, whom the giant had taken some time before and imprisoned in an iron cage.

After a short rest Torrent returned into Portugal. He was kindly received by King Calamond, and splendid festivities were celebrated in his honour. The kings of Gales and of Provence showed their gratitude by bestowing on him rich presents, among them a precious sword wrought by Wayland Smith. Desonelle gave him one of her fine palfreys. Calamond, however, shrewd as he was, and envious of the hero's fame, plotted his ruin. He caused him, by a counterfeit letter of Desonelle, to catch her a falcon in the forest of Maudlen, which was the haunt of a dangerous giant, Rochense, and of many wild beasts. Torrent and his squire set out immediately, but separated on entering the forest, to hunt in the thicket each by himself. Torrent soon encountered a huge dragon, and killed it by vehement strokes. The squire, having meanwhile fallen in with the giant, had been slain by him. The hero, called to the place by the tumult of battle, attacked the giant, and overcame him after a hard struggle. He cut off his head to bear with him as a trophy. He then went into the giant's castle, where he found a great many jewels, and a bright sword called Mownpolyard. Having returned to the royal court, he ordered five priests to say masses for his squire's soul. At this very time it happened that the king of Arragon sent messengers to the king of Portugal, in order to bring about a marriage between Desonelle and his youngest son. Calamond would not listen to the advice of his spouse, that he should no longer refuse Desonelle to Torrent, but he promised her to the prince of Arragon, and at the same time sent the hero once more against a giant, Slogus of Foulles in Calabre.

Torrent departed well armed, and after a prosperous voyage arrived in Calabre. There he soon met the giant, who was one-eyed like the Cyclops, and bore a huge cudgel as his only weapon. Torrent threw his spear into the fiend's eye, and thus overcame him without any long struggle. The king of Calabre graciously welcomed the hero, and largely rewarded him for the service he had rendered his country. Having returned into Portugal, Torrent heard that in a few weeks Desonelle was to be married to the prince of Arragon. Arrayed in knightly dress, he rode right off to Calamond's court, and challenged his rival to fight. After a short struggle he completely vanquished his antagonist, stretching him on the ground. The next

day, as the king, surrounded by his noble guests, banqueted in the great hall of the castle, Torrent entered with the giant's head in his hand, and harshly demanded the king's daughter; he called all the lords to witness of Calamond's perfidy.

The Emperor of Rome now interceded, and it was agreed at his suggestion that Torrent should fight once more against a giant named Cate; if he vanquished that adversary, he should obtain Desonelle and half Arragon. On an isle near the sea-shore the struggle began in presence of the assembled knights. Torrent struck the club out of the giant's hand, put him to flight, and killed him as he ran away, casting stones at him. Then the Emperor decided, with the approbation of all his knights, that the hero had won both the land and the maiden.

Torrent obtained Desonelle, and rejoiced in the possession of her, but no solemn marriage was performed.

Twelve weeks after, he left his spouse, impelled by his venturous and ambitious mind; for the king of Norway asked him to fight against a wild giant who had carried off his daughter and was destroying his castles. Torrent bade his mistress farewell, leaving her two golden rings as talismans, and set off with fifty companions. Arrived at the coast of Norway, he and his companions entered a dense forest, in which a great many wild beasts lived. His companions, seized with fear, parted from him, and continued their voyage at sea. They told the king of Norway the false tale that Torrent had perished on shore. The king then set out himself to rescue his daughter. Torrent meanwhile encountered a giant named Weraunt, Cate's brother, and slew him in a hard struggle, but was himself wounded. In the giant's castle he saved Gendres, daughter of the Norwegian king, and conducted her to her father. On the road they were met by a large train of gallant knights, and were then convoyed in triumph to the king's court. There Torrent soon recovered from his wounds, and was amply rewarded with honours and presents. He stayed above twelve months at the Norwegian court. The false companions of Torrent were drowned in the sea by the king's command, but one squire escaped to Portugal, and reported the tidings that Torrent yet remained in Norway. Soon after, as Desonelle was delivered of twins, the hatred of Calamond suddenly broke out against her. By his order, Desonelle and her two children were put to sea in a small boat; but a favourable wind saved them from ruin, and drove the boat upon the coast of Palestine. As she, helpless, wandered about the downs, a huge dragon (griffin or gripe) appeared, and seized one of her children, and immediately after a wild leopard dragged away the other. With submission she suffered her miserable fate, relying on the help of the Holy Virgin.

The king of Jerusalem, just returning from a voyage, happened to find the leopard with the child, which he ordered to be saved and delivered to him. Seeing from the foundling's golden ring that the

child was of noble descent, and pitying its helpless state, he took it into his palace, and brought him up as his own son (as it were) at his court. The child was named Leobertus.

The dragon or gripe with the other child was seen by a pious hermit, St. Antony, who, though son of the king of Greece, had in his youth forsaken the world. Through his prayer St. Mary made the dragon put down the infant; Antony carried him to his father, who adopted him and ordered him to be baptized. He was named Antony fice Greffoun (Antony, son of the griffin or gripe).

Desonelle wandered up and down, after the loss of her children, till she happened to meet the king of Nazareth hunting. He, recognizing her as the king of Portugal's daughter, gave her a kind welcome and assistance. At his court she lived several years in happy retirement. Torrent returned at length into Portugal, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the Norwegian king that he would dwell in Norway somewhat longer. At his arrival, King Calamond took refuge in his stronghold, and greeted him from thence with scornful words. Torrent, after having summoned his friends from Arragon, Provence, and Calabre, conquered the castle, and took Calamond prisoner. The traitor was sent out to sea in a leaky boat, and perished.

In his stead, Torrent was elected king by all the noblemen of the empire, and took the crown. But forty days after this, he quitted his realm, having intrusted two knights with its government, and passed to the Holy Land at the head of a large force. There he fought fifteen years against the infidels, conquered several towns, and got immeasurable treasures as booty. The king of Jerusalem, hearing about Torrent's deeds, and anxious for his own security, sent his son Leobertus, with an army of 50,000 men, against Torrent. A pitched battle began, but it was for a long time doubtful to which side victory would incline, till at last the two chiefs encountered. The son vanquishing his father decided the fate of the battle. Torrent was conveyed as a prisoner to Jerusalem, and thrown into a dungeon. There he lay above a year, till he was once overheard complaining his misfortunes by his son, who, touched with pity, prevailed upon the king to set Torrent at liberty. In this new state Torrent soon found an opportunity to show his valour and skill in arms, when a grand tournament was held at Jerusalem. There he proved sole victor over all the knights, and got the chief prize. The king of Nazareth, who had assisted at this joust, telling his folk at home who had won the prize, described the arms and escutcheon of the valiant knight. By these Desonelle recognized her beloved spouse. At her request the king called princes and knights from all parts of the world to a great tournament. The kings of Jerusalem, Greece, Leobertus, Antony fice Greffoun, and Torrent answered the call. Before an illustrious assembly of mighty princes and noble ladies, all of whom were surpassed by Desonelle in beauty and grace, the tour-

nament began. Leobertus and Antony excelled in it, but the chief was Torrent, who performed wonders in the joust, vanquishing all valiant adversaries. The next morning Desonelle could no longer brook reserve, and was about to discover herself to Torrent; but overwhelmed with joy she fainted, when she had scarcely uttered the first words of greeting. It was not till midday that she was able to tell Torrent and the other knights her fates and those of her children. Then parents and children passionately embraced on recognizing each other. At Torrent's request, all of them, with the kings of Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Greece, and many attendants, sailed for Portugal. There the nuptials of Torrent with Desonelle were celebrated with a great round of splendid festivities. Torrent was finally elected Emperor of Rome, and reigned a long time gloriously. He lies there buried in a fair abbey.

A benediction finishes the romance.

If we take a survey of the poem, we shall recognize in its conception a harmonious plan and a certain unity of action, which, as in most of the romances, is founded on the hero and the interest he affects us with (See Ten Brink, *Engl. Literat.*, I. p. 317). In the centre of the action is placed Torrent's love of Desonelle; for all the various combats that he undertakes against dragons and giants, against the prince of Arragon and King Calamond, are undertaken solely to gain him Desonelle. Even his expedition against the infidels and the fighting with his son are designed by Providence to make him find again his lost love. Halliwell (Preface, p. vii), therefore, is not right in deeming the romance 'a rambling poem of adventures without much plot.' The length and tediousness of the episodes may have prevented him from recognizing the unity of the whole. At the same time, however, it must be admitted that the poem cannot rank with the masterpieces of romantic poetry written in the same metre, like *Amis and Amiloun*, *Ipomadon*, *Kyng of Tars*, *Octavian*, either in the invention of plot or in the dissection of passions. The diction is so swelled with stereotyped phrases, and so surfeited with trivialities, that we may justly suppose the poem to have been composed at a period when romantic poetry had passed its best time, and had begun to decay. As to the authorship of the poem, it was probably composed by a monk. It is an easy thing to show peculiarities in the course of the story which are essentially monkish. As the romance begins and ends with a benediction, in

the same way each deed and each adventure of the hero is introduced and finished by long prayers. Moreover, the poet points frequently to a direct interposition of Heaven (ll. 675, 1568, 1948); he describes the anguish and sorrow that Desonelle feels about her children's baptism (ll. 1892—1896 and 2074—76); he mentions emphatically Communion and Confession (1272 and 2139), Masses (756 and 813); he finally praises the Emperor for founding churches and abbeys (l. 2658). On the other side, we find very few of those marks which characterize the works of minstrels: the poet seldom predicts the fates of his heroes to excite the attention of his auditors; he mentions only by the way the performances of the gleemen, and nowhere speaks of the rewards that they get.

Passing to a special inquiry into the origin of the story of Torrent, I cannot persuade myself that it is of the poet's own invention, as that would be the only instance of a Middle-English romance not being taken from foreign originals (except, of course, Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*, which was written to ridicule this whole branch of poetry), whilst slight alterations or additions were frequently introduced by the translators. A French original of the romance is supposed by Halliwell to have existed (Preface, vi). He says, 'It is probably, like the second copy of the romance of Horn, a modernized version of an older English romance, which was itself translated from the French. I have not been able to discover any traces of the French original, but there are some singular allusions to its origin in the poem itself. I allude to the frequent references to the *Book of Rome*.[1] This term was applied to the French language, in which most of the old romances were originally written.' As for me, I don't think that we can much rely upon references of this kind, because they are common to all of these Middle-English romances. Of a somewhat greater weight is perhaps the fact that one or two of the proper names are French; and even the oath, 'par l'amour de dieu,' is worth mentioning. After all, there is no evident proof as to the French origin. But there is no doubt that

[1] On this term see *Octavian*, ed. Sarrazin, p. xxxviii.

the story of Torrent in its principal features—the adversities of a family separated by misfortunes, the mother robbed of her children by wild beasts, at last united again—proceeded from the old Eustache legend.[1–2] Therewith another motive is combined, that of the woman innocently condemned, on which motive a large stock of legends is founded; for instance, those of Crescentia, Sibilla, Oliva, Genovefa, Griseldis and Octavian legends. Upon this motive and its old origin from India, see Streve, 'The Octavian legend,' *Erlangen Dissert.*, 84.

I will consider first the legend of Eustache in its original version. According to the Greek Martyr Acts, which were probably composed in the eighth century, this saint was before his baptism a captain of Trajan, named Placidus. As he one day hunted in the forest, the Saviour appeared to him between the antlers of a hart, and converted him. Placidus changed his name into Eustache, when he was baptized with his wife and sons. God announced to him by an angel his future martyrdom. Eustache was afflicted by dreadful calamities, lost all his estate, and was compelled to go abroad as a beggar with his wife and his children. As he went on board a ship bound for Egypt, his wife was seized by the shipmaster and carried off. Soon after, when Eustache was travelling along the shore, his two children were borne away by a lion and a leopard. Eustache then worked for a long time as a journeyman, till he was discovered by the Emperor Trajan, who had sent out messengers for him, and called him to his court. Reappointed captain, Eustache undertook an expedition against the Dacians. During this war he found his wife in a cottage as a gardener,—the shipmaster had fallen dead to

[1] See Warton's opinion upon the legendary origin of many romances, *History of Engl. Poetry*, London, 1824, I. p. ccxliv: 'Many romances were at first little more than legends of devotion, containing the pilgrimage of an old warrior. At length, as chivalry came into vogue, the youthful and active part of the pilgrim's life was also written. The penitent changed into the knight-errant.' Sometimes, of course, the opposite change may have taken place, as for instance is probably the case with the story of the two faithful friends, Amis and Amiloun (cf. Koelbing, *Amis*, p. lxxxi), and with the story of Robert the Devil (cf. *Sir Gowther*, ed. Breul, p. 74).

[2] See the edition of *The worthie Hystorie of Plasidas*, 1566, by H. H. Gibbs, for the Roxburghe Club, 1873.

the ground as he ventured to touch her,—and in the same cottage he found again his two sons as soldiers: herdsmen had rescued them from the wild beasts, and brought them up. Glad was their meeting again! But as they returned to Rome, they were all burnt in a glowing bull of brass by the Emperor's order, because they refused to sacrifice to the heathen gods.

This legend, which reminds us at once of the story of Job, has been incorporated in almost all mediæval collections of legends, and upon it are founded some mediæval poems, which are enumerated by H. Knust in his splendid work *Dos Obras Didácticas y dos Leyendas*, Madrid, 1878; cf. R. Köhler, *Zeitschrift für rom. phil.* III, p. 272 ff., Varnhagen, *Anglia*, III, p. 399 ff.; two latin versions are edited by the same, *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum* XXIV, p. 241 ff., and XXV, p. 1 ff.

English legends of Eustache are to be found

(1) In Ælfric's *Passiones Martyrum;* see Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden*, Second series, Heilbronn, 1881, p. xli.

(2) In the South-English collection, *l. c.* p. xlviii.

(3) In the Northern collection, pp. lxi and lxiv. Herrig's *Archiv.* 57, p. 262 ff.

(4) In the Scottish collection of legends, said to be Barbour's. Cf. Barbour's *Legendensammlung*, ed. C. Horstmann, Heilbronn, 82, ii. p. 12.

(5) In the old Engl. translation of the *Legenda aurea*, see Horstm., *l. c.*, p. cxxxv. Caxton's edition of the legend, No. 196.

(6) The complete text of the legend printed in Horstmann's above-mentioned collection, *Altengl. Legendensamml.*, p. 211 ff.

(7) *St. Eustas*, by I. Partridge, see Gibbs' above-mentioned edition, and Horstm., *l. c.* p. 472 ff.

With this legend are connected, more or less, the following poems, which it is necessary to speak of in turn:

(1) The Pseudo-Chrestien epic poem, *Guillaume d'Engleterre*.[1]

[1] *Guill. d'Engleterre*, ed. Fr. Michel, *Chron. Anglo-Norm.*, III. 39—172. On the authorship of this poem see C. Hofmann, *Sitzungsberichte der Münch. Akad.*, 1870, II. p. 51, and P. Meyer, *Romania*, VIII. p. 315 f.

(2) The two Middle High German poems, *Die gute Frau*,[1] and (3) *Der Graf von Savoyen*.[2]

(4) The romances of *Isumbras;* (5) of *Octavian;* (6) last, *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, and (7) *Sir Torrent of Portugal.*

The first five have been treated by Holland in his book, *Chrestien de Troies*, Tübingen, 1854.

According to Holland's opinion, all of these are derived from the legend of Eustache. He has not exactly inquired into each of them, but restricts himself to a detailed account of their contents. A critical inquiry into these poems, except the romance of *Octavian*, has been recently published by J. Steinbach: *Der einfluss des Crestien de Troies auf die altenglische Literatur.* Leipzig, 1886, p. 41 ff. As to the French and the two German poems, it may be sufficient to refer to this exhaustive essay, since it is only by the same legendary origin that they are connected with *Sir Torrent;* otherwise they are quite different.

But of the English romances of *Sir Isumbras* and of *Octavian* it is necessary to treat more minutely. *Isumbras* was edited first by Utterson in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, London, 1817; secondly by Halliwell in *The Thornton Romances*, from the Lincoln MS. A. i. 17. A critical edition of this poem has long been promised by Prof. Zupitza.

In this romance the legend of Eustache can be most clearly recognized. Its contents are, indeed, somewhat transformed according to the taste of the later Middle Ages: the Roman captain is changed into a Christian knight, who performs wonders in fighting against the infidels; he finds his wife as queen of a heathen country; they end their lives as mighty princes, and so on. The legendary style has been supplanted by the romantic diction,[3] but the leading features remain the same. In his above-mentioned essay,

[1] *Die gute Frau*, ed. E. Sommer in Haupt's *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, II. 389.

[2] *Der Graf v. Savoyen*, ed. F. H., v. d. Hagen, *Minnesinger*, IV. 640, and Eschenburg, *Denkmäler altdeutscher Dichtkunst*, Bremen, 1799.

[3] On this text see Sarrazin, *Octav.*, p. xlv; he speaks of "die entstellte, spielmannsmässig zersungene Form, in der die Thornton Ms uns die legende überliefert. . . . . dasselbe Pathos, dieselbe Sentimentalität und Frömmelei, aber auch dieselbe anschauliche und lebhafte Erzählungsweise (sc. as in Oct.)."

pp. 46—48, Steinbach concludes, from a detailed comparison of the contents, that the author of *Isumbras* did not derive his story from the epic poem, *Guillaume d'Engleterre*, but from an original which bore a still greater resemblance to the legend of Eustache, and, at the same time, contained many of those additions which are to be found in all versions of the legend. Whether this original was composed in Latin, French, or Anglo-Norman, Steinbach does not pretend to determine.

To *Isumbras* I join a few remarks on the romance of *Octavian*, which was edited by Halliwell for the Percy Society, *The Romance of the Emperor Octavian*, London, 1844; and by Sarrazin, *Zwei mittelengl. Versionen der Octaviansage*, in Koelbing's *Altengl. Bibliothek*, Band III. As for its contents, cf. Sarrazin, as above, p. xviii ff. Concerning the origin of the story, he agrees in general with Holland, only he shows a still nearer connection between *Isumbras* and *Octavian*, taking the former for a mere imitation of the latter. This opinion, however, cannot be proved. As I cannot enter into detail, I only observe that the contents of *Octavian* are a great deal more complicated and copious than those of *Isumbras*, which is simple in its plot and style, and shows the nearest resemblance to the old Eustache legend, whilst *Octavian* is a refined and adorned version of the legendary tale with considerable change in the plan. Isumbras, of course, bears a strict resemblance to Eustache, but not to the Emperor Octavian, who has but little of the character of a suffering saint, as he does not become an outlaw himself, nor is to lose his earthly goods. Even those of his adventures which are conformable to the original—the separation from his family, the rape of the children, the final reunion—are exhibited in a different manner.

The principal contents of the romance of *Octavian* bear internal evidence of its later origin, as it treats chiefly of the adventures and exploits of Florent, Octavian's son; especially in the second half of the story, exploits of Florent so prevail that the romance might justly bear his name on the title instead of his father's. I therefore believe that Sarrazin's opinion, that *Isumbras* is nothing but a bad imitation of *Octavian*, is wrong; and I am rather inclined to think the two poems were composed independently from each

other, after French originals, as is evidently the case with *Octavian*, and probably with *Isumbras*. See Halliwell, *Thornt. Rom.*, p. xviii. Sarrazin, moreover, supposes, p. xlv, both poems to be due to the same author, in consequence of the conformity of the dialect and style, and of some literal coincidences. But the fact that both of these romances are written in the same dialect is not sufficient to prove the identity of the authors, nor is the style, which is nearly stereotyped in all of these romances. As to the literal coincidences, only three of the nine passages quoted by Sarrazin seem to me to be of any importance. See *Octavian*, notes on ll. 382, 397, 481. But even these only show that the writer of *Octavian* knew *Isumbras*, or *vice versâ*.

As to the relation between *Octavian* and our poem, these two romances have no other affinity than the same legendary origin, and the motive of the woman innocently persecuted, which may very well have been introduced independently by two different authors. In all other particulars they are quite different.

The heroes bear little resemblance to their legendary models; in *Octavian* the Emperor of Rome; in *Torrent* the young, hardy knight who encounters marvellous struggles to win the hand of his spouse. Also in the treatment of the other motive, each romance has taken its own course. In *Octavian*, Florence is calumniated by her mother-in-law; in *Torrent*, Desonelle is persecuted by her father. The causes are consequently quite different: there the jealousy of the mother-in-law against the mighty Empress; here Calamond's hatred against Torrent. These differences, now only alluded to, cause a great number of others, and produce a general difference of the two poems, which renders the opinion of a nearer connection between them altogether illusory.

Of all the poems mentioned above, the last, *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, is most nearly related to *Sir Torrent*, a fact found out by Halliwell,[1] who, however, thought that there was no necessity for

[1] *The Thornton Romances*, p. xxii f. 'The romance of *Torrent* is partly founded upon the story related in *Sir Eglamour*. The names are changed, but the resemblance is too striking to have been the result of chance. The treachery of the sovereign, the prowess of the knight, the indiscretions and misfortunes of the lady, and the happy conclusion of her misfortunes, these

him to prove a similarity which would be at once detected by the reader; still, he takes it for certain that the romance of *Torrent* is younger than and partly founded on *Sir Eglamour*. As he gives no proof for this opinion, it will be worth while to enter once more into this question, in order to see whether he is right or not.

Upon it, the MSS. do not help us. The earliest MS. that can have contained *Sir Eglamour* is the parchment one of the Duke of Sutherland,[1] written about the end of the 14th century. The other four MSS. of it[2] are still later. The only MS. of *Sir Torrent* belongs to the 15th century, so that neither of these romances can be traced very far back.

Sir Eglamour was printed several times in the beginning of the 16th century, and edited anew by Halliwell from the Cambridge MS. in his well-known collection. To judge from the numerous readings of the Lincoln, Cotton, and Cambridge MSS. which he has quoted, the Lincoln MS. shows best the original dialect, and offers in several passages a reading preferable as to rhyme and meaning.[3] Even slight differences in the contents occur now and then.[4]

The metre and probably the dialect are the same in both romances; they are composed in the tail-rhymed twelve-line stanzas, and written in a North Midland dialect. In both of them the style is alike swelled with the habitual phrases; only the long prayers and pious reflections so frequent in *Torrent* are not to be met with in *Eglamour*. On the other hand, the poet is wont to predict the fates of his heroes (ll. 204, 951); he often demands attention (ll. 15, 39, 343, 634, 904); he never omits, in describing the festivals, to mention the performances of the minstrels, and to praise the liberality of the lords. These characteristics render it probable that the author of *Eglamour* was a minstrel, not a clerk or monk, as I suppose the author of *Sir Torrent* to be.

form the leading incidents of each romance . . . . there is, perhaps, a secret history attached to the source of these romances that remains to be unravelled.'

[1] Cf. Koelbing's *Englische Studien*, vii. p. 191 ff.

[2] Cf. *The Thornton Romances*, p. xxv ff., and p. xxxvi.

[3] See the following passages which Halliwell has quoted in the notes: *Eglam.* 54, 96, 107, 111, 122, 128, 139, 153, 177, 195, 213, 247, 337, 347, 399, 445, 572, 605, 614, 737, 740, 765, 858, 883, 945, 985, 1081, 1143, 1206, 1216.

[4] See *Eglamour*, notes on ll. 1064, 1082, 1267.

I now pass on to compare the contents of the two poems. The principal features of the plot are the same in both. A young knight who seeks the hand of a princess engages to win her by valiant exploits. The princess's father opposes his wooing, jealous as he is of the hero's renown. The knight vanquishes all the giants and other monsters against which he is told to fight, and at length gains his spouse. A few weeks after their marriage, he sets out again on adventurous expeditions. While he stays abroad, his wife is delivered of twins. Her father sends her to sea in a leaky boat; she lands on a foreign shore, where her children are carried off by wild beasts; but they are saved in a marvellous manner, and brought up at royal courts, whilst she herself lives for a long time at a foreign court. As the hero, when he comes home again, doesn't find her, he goes into the Holy Land to fight with the infidels. After various adventures he finds his wife and children after a tournament at a foreign court. They return home gladly, and celebrate their nuptials by great festivals. The cruel father is duly punished.

On entering into details, however, we find considerable discrepancies between the two romances. First, the names are altogether different. (Eglamour = Torrent. Crystyabelle = Desonelle. Prynsamour = Calamond. Organata = Gendres. Degrabelle = Antony fice Greffoun.) The stage of the plot is in *Eglamour* Artois, Rome, and Egypt; in *Torrent* Portugal, Norway, and Calabre. Only the Holy Land is mentioned in both. There the children are carried off by wild beasts, saved by princes and brought up; there the hero fights against the infidels.

The differences of the plot itself are the following:

1. Eglamour confesses his love to Crystyabelle before his deeds; a squire is the go-between in his suit; Eglamour finds love in return. In *Torrent* Desonelle does not know that she is adored by the hero till after his first exploit. See ll. 109, 448.

2. Accordingly, Eglamour, setting out on adventures, receives two greyhounds and a sword of St. Paul from Crystyabelle as presents, whereas Torrent gets an ambler from his lady love, but not till after his first deed.

3. Prynsamour charges Eglamour with three deeds by which he

is to gain Crystyabelle. Torrent is obliged to undertake not less than five combats.

4. In *Torrent* the combats of the hero are enlarged and adorned by additions not to be found in *Eglamour*. The latter does not release the daughters and sons of kings, nor does he find precious swords in the castles of the giants, nor is he deceived by a king's counterfeit letter, which causes Torrent a dangerous struggle and the rivalry of a foreign prince. Only in *Eglamour* (ll. 40—48) some knights are mentioned who came to win Crystyabelle by jousting, but were all vanquished by Eglamour.

The greatest differences are found in the second halves of the stories.

5. Crystyabelle has one child by Eglamour; Desonelle has two by Torrent.

6. Crystyabelle is driven away into Egypt, where she is graciously received by the king. Desonelle finds refuge in the court of the king of Nazareth.

7. Degrabelle, the son of Crystyabelle, is saved and brought up by the king of Israel; the sons of Desonelle by the kings of Greece and Jerusalem.

8. The father of Crystyabelle is not punished like Calamond in *Torrent*, immediately after the hero's return, but he dies at the end of the poem, throwing himself down from the battlements.

9. Degrabelle is sent, when fifteen years old, into Egypt by his adoptive father to sue for a spouse. In a joust he gains the hand of his mother and marries her. On the very wedding-day the mother recognizes her son by his escutcheon, and the marriage is instantly dissolved. Quite differently does the story run in *Sir Torrent*. Leobertus, fifteen years old, marches by order of the king of Jerusalem against his father, and takes him prisoner, but at length solicits his release.

10. The tournament, which in both poems compasses the reunion of the separated family, is brought on in a different manner. In *Eglamour* Degrabelle himself proposes the hand of his mother as the prize in the next tournament, to which his father comes. In *Torrent* Desonelle, hearing of the victories of the strange knight, supposes

him to be her spouse from his arms, and at her request a tournament is arranged. (Her hand seems to have been likewise the prize, as may be gleaned from l. 2440)

11. At the very end of the poems two slight differences are to be noted: in *Eglamour*, Degrabelle marries Organata, daughter of the king of Sidon, whereas the sons of Torrent return into Greece and Jerusalem. Eglamour is crowned prince of Artois; Torrent is elected Emperor of Rome.

From this comparison we may conclude that *Torrent* is not directly founded upon *Eglamour*, or *vice versâ;* the differences are too great to justify the supposition that either is drawn from the other. Especially is the opinion of Halliwell, which I mentioned above, to be rejected: *Sir Torrent* cannot be founded on *Sir Eglamour,* simply because it agrees more closely with the old legendary tale than *Syr Eglamour* does, and has preserved some essential features not to be found in *Eglamour,* in which these are supplanted by others. Desonelle, for instance, has two children according to the old legend, Crystyabelle one; Torrent must fight and suffer in heathen lands like Eustache, whereas Eglamour appears as a mere knight-errant. Further, neither in the Eustache legend nor in *Torrent* do we find the history of the son who marries his mother, which motive the poet may have taken from the legend of Pope Gregory, or perhaps from the tale of *Syr Degaré.*

But how can the resemblance of the leading features and the discrepancies in particulars be explained? I think the most probable conjecture is, that an old poem, now lost, existed, with which the authors of *Sir Eglamour* and of *Sir Torrent* were acquainted; but not having a MS. of it, or knowing it by heart, both of them made up their minds to rewrite the story in a well-known metre, changing, omitting, adding whatever they liked, even filling up the gaps in their memories by invention. Both of them recollected the first half of the story better than the second.

That this poem was an English one seems to be shown by a good many verbal coincidences in both poems; these I accordingly suppose to have belonged to the lost original. They are, indeed, too frequent to be counted simply amongst the large stock of conventional

phrases which are to be met with in every poem of this kind. Here they are:—

Eglamour.

The boke of Rome thus can telle. 408, 561, 886
Ther ys a jeaunt here besyde, 478
That sorowe doyth ferre and wyde.
On us and odur moo.
And alle prayed for that knyght. 573
Alle that in the cyté ware. 598
Alle that cuntrey was fulle fayne, 640
That he homeward was comyn ageyne.
Aftur sopur, as y yow telle,
He wendyd to chaumber with Crystyabelle. 670, 671
That lady was not for to hyde, 673-75
She sett hym on hur beddys syde,
And welcomyd home that knyght.
So gracyously he come hur tylle, 679
Of poyntes of armys he schewyd hur hys fylle, 680
That there they dwellyd alle nyȝt.
A golde rynge y schalle geve the, 715
Kepe yt wele my lady free,
Yf Cryste sende the a chylde! 717
Doghtur, into the see schalt thou, 803
Yn a schypp alone,
And that bastard that to the ys dere!
Sche prayed hur gentylwomen so free,
Grete wele my lord, whon ye hym see! 826, 827
Hur yonge sone away he bare. 842
Thys chylde ys comyn of gentylle blode,
Where that ever that he was tane. 863
Kepe we thys lady whyte as flowre,
And speke we of syr Egyllamowre. 950
The knyght swownyd in that tyde. 975
Be the XV yerys were comyn and gone,
The chylde that the grype hath tane,
Waxe bothe bold and stronge. 1018-20
Yn yustyng ne in turnament 1021
Ther myght no man withsytt hys dynte,
But to the erthe them thronge. 1023
Be thre wekys were comyn to ȝende,
Yn the londe of Egypt can they lende. 1057
Gentilmen that herde of thys crye,
Thedur come they redylye. 1195-96
Syr Egyllamour knelyd on his kne,
'A Lorde God ȝylde hyt the! 1288-89

Eglamour, Linc. MS. Note on 1267:

Torrent.

As the boke of Rome tellys. 187, 924, 1450, 1924
There ys a gyante here besyde,
In ale thys covntre fare and wyde,
No man on lyve levythe hee. 960
For hym all they pray. 108
All that in the sytte were. 1047
Gentilmen were blith and ffayn, 1098
That he in helth was comyn agayn.
After mete, as I you tell,
To speke with mayden Desonell
To her chamber he went. 1358-60
The damysell so moche of pride,
Set hym on her bed-syde,
And said 'welcom verament.' 1363
Such gestenyng he a-right,
That there he dwellid all nyȝt
With that lady gent. 1364-66

Thes gold rynges I shall yeve the,
Kepe them well, my lady ffre,
Yf god a child vs send! 1396-1398
There fore thou shalt in to the see

And that bastard with-in the! 1793
She said 'knyghtis and ladyes gent,
Grete well my lord sir Torrent,
Yeff ye hym euer sene! 1837-39
A way he bare her yong son. 1871
This chylde is come of gentill teme,

Where euer this beest hym ffond. 1923
Leve we now that lady gent,
And speke we of sir Torrent. 2080-81
Swith on sownyng there he fell. 2093
And be the VII yere were gone,
The child that the liberd had tane,
Found hym his fill off ffyght. 2233-35
With heve tymbyr and ovyrryde 40
Ther myght no man hys dent abyde,
But to the erthe he them strake. 42
But ore thre wekes were comyn to end,
To Portynggall gan he wend. 373

Gret lordys that herith this crye,
Theder come richely. 2431-32
Torent knelid vppon his knee 2575
And said 'God yeld you, lordys ffree!

Eglamour.	*Torrent.*	
In swounynge than felle that lady free,	She said 'welcom', my lord sir Torent!	
'Welcome, syr Eglamour, to me!	And so be ye, my lady gent!	
	In sownyng than fell she.	2505
Eglamour, Linc. MS. Note on 1267:		
Grete lordis thane told scho sone.	Gret lordys told she sone.	2539

Perhaps some more light will be thrown on this question when we get the much-wanted critical edition of *Sir Eglamour;* but I fear that the 'secret history attached to the source of these romances' will even then remain to be unravelled. What I have proposed has no title to a better name than a conjecture.

§ 5. THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE EDITION.

As to the only MS. in which this romance has come down to us, I have mentioned before that it is exceedingly corrupt; many conjectures, more or less sure, were necessary in order to restore metre, rhyme, and meaning; the greater part of them seemed worthy to be entered in the text, the rest being offered in the notes. No attempt has been made to introduce a uniform character of dialect, considering the quite unsettled state of orthography in early times. The only exceptions are where the sounds are fully determined by the rhyme. In general the orthography of the MS. has been reproduced as accurately as possible. The contractions used by the scribe are expanded and printed in italics. At the beginning of a new period, or a proper name within the line, capitals have been introduced. From l. 1200, where the numeration of my text no longer coincides with that of Halliwell's edition, the line-numbers of the latter are added in brackets.

The fragments which I have added as an appendix to the text have been consulted in all cases of difficulty, and proved of no little service in correcting the blunders of the manuscript; they contain indeed a somewhat better text than the MS., though they are by no means free from clerical errors. A detailed comparison gives the following result:

In fifty-one lines the text of the fragments is evidently correcter than the MS.:

Fragments.		*Manuscript.*
The kyng of Nazareth sent hym me,		The kyng of Portynggall seyd, 'So mot I the!
Torent, I wot-saue hym on the.	466	Torrent, I wet-saffe of the.
The kyng wolde fayne that he ded were,		The kyng wolde fayne that he wer ded,
And he wyst nat on what manere.	472	And hym wyst in what maner.
To Torent that was true as stele,	477	To Torrent trew ase styll,
In what londe that they brede.	487	In what lond they ne bred.
He bestrode a noble stede.	502	Tho he bestrod another stede.

Cf. 489, 498, 507-10, 512-15, 822, 825, 831, 833, 834, 837, 845, 848, 851, 929, 932, 933, 935, 947, 948, 951, 952, 958, 965, 968-70, 1807, 1808, 1810, 1827, 1828, 1831, 1834-36, 1844, 1854, 1866.

Forty-eight lines are coincident: 468, 470, 474, 479, 480, 486, 487, 495, 499, 501, 504, 505, 520, 823, 832, 842, 844, 846, 917, 918, 921, 922, 927, 928, 936, 938, 953, 957, 962, 1809, 1813-17, 1819-21, 1823, 1830, 1832, 1838, 1847, 1850, 1851-52, 1863, 1865.

In ninety-one lines it is doubtful which reading is to be considered as the original one:

Fragments.		*Manuscript.*
As they walkyd by the ryvers syde.	469	Ase the went be the watyres syd.
Howe he myght hym shent.	473	How he schuld be schent.
The kyng sayde 'what may this be?		Syr, he seyd, what may thys be?
Lorde, it is sent to me		Loo, lord, come ner and see
For a faucon shene.	483-85	Abowght a facon schene.
Than sayde the kyng vntrue,		And than seyd the kyng ontrew,
'And ye fynde hawes of great value,		'Yf thow get hawkys of great valew,
Brynge me one with the!	492-94	Bryng on of them to me!
Of thy dowghter hende.	836	Of yowr dowghttyr hend.

Cf. 467, 475, 476, 478, 481, 482, 488, 496, 497, 500, 506, 511, 516-20, 821, 824, 826, 827, 829, 830, 835, 838-41, 843, 847, 850, 919, 920, 923, 925-26, 930-31, 934, 937, 939, 940-43, 945, 946, 949, 950, 954, 955, 959, 960-61, 963, 964, 966, 967, 1811, 1812, 1818, 1822, 1825, 1826, 1829, 1837, 1840, 1842, 1843, 1845-46, 1848-49, 1853, 1855-62, 1864.

In eleven lines the text of the MS. is superior to that of the fragment:

Fragments.		*Manuscript.*
'Ye, by my trouthe!' sayd Torente.	828	'Ye, be trouthe!' seyd Torrent than.
Delycyous notes on hyghe.	944	Delycyous nottis on hyght.
Frowarde the se.	956	Froward the sytte.

Cf. 488, 503, 820, 849, 924, 1824, 1833, 1839.

As to the sixth fragment, 1014-36, and the beginning of the first (in Halliwell's edition the third), 462-64, in which, as above mentioned, not much more than the rhyming words are preserved, they have nearly the same relation to the MS. as the other ones.

In the following passages they correct the rhymes of the MS.: 1017, 1018, 1028, 1033. Coincident rhymes: 1014, 1015, 1019, 1026, 1027, 1032, 1034-36. Undecided: 1020, 1021, 1023-24, 1029-30, 462-64. The rhymes of the MS. are preferable in ll. 1016, 1022, 1025, 1031.

I need only add, that all the discrepancies between the MS. and the fragments, however numerous they may be, concern, for the most part, things of little importance; they are caused especially by the frequent change of synonymous terms, by the difference of expletive words and phrases, the transposition of words, the change of tenses, and so on. But as there is nowhere any essential difference to be traced, we may conjecture with great probability that the early printed edition of the romance was taken from a manuscript which was pretty nearly related to the Manchester MS., though somewhat more correctly written.

I gladly take the present opportunity of acknowledging my very great obligation to Prof. Koelbing, from whom I have received ample assistance throughout the whole of this work. It would be absolutely impossible to me entirely to discriminate his part from mine. He carefully revised the introduction, notes, and the glossary, before they went to press, and after they came from it, and he looked several times through the proofs of the text. Nor am I less indebted to Mr. Joseph Hall at Manchester, who not only kindly read the proofs of the text with the MS. in the Chetham Library, but also contributed some valuable notes, which are marked by his name. The Director has added the head-lines and side-notes.

Torrent of Portyngale.

Here bygynneth a good tale f. 76*a*.
Of Torrente of Portyngale.

(1)

GOD, that ys worthy and Bold, *leaf* 1] May God give
Heuen) and Erthe haue In hold,
Fyld, watyr, and wynde,
Yeve vse *gra*ce hevyn) to wyne,
And brynge vs owt off Dedly synne
And In thy *ser*uyse to Ende!
A stounde and ye woH lyst be-Dene,
Ale dowghtty men) þ*at* Euyr hathe ben),
Wher So that they lende,
I SchaH yow teH, ore I hense pase,
Off a knyght, þ*at* Dowghtty wase,
In Rome ase clarkys ffynde.

us grace to win Heaven!

I'll tell you of a doughty knight.

(2)

In PortynggaH, that Ryche londe, He dwelt in Portugal,
An EreH that wase wonande,
That curtese wase and *wyght*;
Sone aftyr he had a sone,
The feyerest þ*at* on fot myght gon,
Tyrrant, men seyd, he hyght.
Be tyme he wase XVIII yer) old, and fought well when 18.
Of dedd*es* of armys he wase bold,
To felle bothe kyng and knyght;
And now com*m*ythe dethe appon a day
And takythe hys father), ase I yow sey,
For God ys most of myght.

8. *byn* MS. 15. *wyght*] *Dowghtty* MS.
21. *felle*] first *l* above the line MS.

(3)

The King

The kyng of Portynggaɫɫ wase fayne,
To-warde hym he takythe Torrayne,
That Dowghtty ys in̾ dedde;

gives Torrent an earldom,

And ther he fesomnyd in̾ hys hond
A good Eyrldom in̾ that lond,
Bothe forest and *fede*. f. 76*b*.
The kyng hathe a dowghttyr *whyte* ase *fame*,
Dys*one*ll wase her name,
Worthyest in wede.

and he falls in love with the King's daughter Desonell,

When Torrent had of her̾ a syght,
More he lovyd that swet*e* wy*gh*t
Than̾ aɫɫ ys fathyrys l*e*de.

(4)

and for her,

For love of thys lady Deyr̾
In dede of armys far and nere
Aventorr*es* gan he take
W*ith* heve tymbyr and ovyr-Ryde,
Ther myght no man̾ hys dent a-bydde,

unhorses many knights.

But to the Erthe he them str*a*ke.
Her father and other knyghtt*es* mo
Had farly, how he Ryd soo,
And on a day to hyme spake,
He Seyd: 'Torrent, howe may thys byne,
That thow Dysp*i*syst thes knyghtt*es* kene
And ordurr*es* non woɫɫ take?'

(5)

Torrent sayd: 'So mvt I the,
An other sayment woɫɫ I *s*ee,
Ore I take ordor of knyght.'

The King

Tho he sware be hevyn kyng,
Ther wase told hym a wondyr-thyng
In hys chambyr to nyght:

30. *fede*] *Downe* MS. 31. *whyte ase fame*] *feyer ase flowyr* MS. 32. *Dyseenys*, MS. 35. *swete*] *swet*, MS. *wyght*] *wyte* MS. 36. *lede*] *londe* MS. 39. *A ventorres* MS. 42. *stroke* MS. 47. *dysplesyst* MS. 50. *And* MS. *see*] *bee* MS.

'For' the love of my doughter dere
Thow makyst good far and nere
In Dedde of armys bryght;
And wyt thow wyH, so god me saue,
Thow schalt her' wyne, yf thow her haue,
Be thow neuyr so wy*g*ht!'

knows that Torrent loves his daughter,

(6)

Torrent sayd: 'Be Marry dere,
And I were off armyse clere, f. 77*a*.
Yowr Dowghttyr me leve were.'
The kyng seyd: 'Yf yt be soo,
Ore VII yere be a-go,
More schaH we here:
Durst thow, for my dowghttyr sake,
A poynt of armys for to take
W*ith*-owt helpe of fere?'

and asks him if, for her sake, he'll fight

Than seyd Torrant: 'So god me sped,
W*ith* anny man that syttythe on stede
Other far ore nere!'

(7)

Ther-of the kyng' for tene wax wode:
'Yf thow wylt make thy body good,
Be trew and hold thy cont*ena*nce . . . . . .
Tho seyd Torrant: 'So god me sped ere!
And I wyst, in what sted they were,
Fore no man wold I cha*u*nce.'

(8)

'In to the Grek*es* see a mylle
Ther ly*v*ythe a gyant *in an* yle,
FuH EuyH thow dourst hyme stond.
My fayer' forest*es* fellythe downe he
And Ryche castell*es* in that contre,
No ston lettythe he stond.'

a Giant in the Greek sea.

60. *wyght*] *wyttht* MS. 61. *Marry*] *e* corrected into *y*.
65. *a-go*] *a gone*, *ne* struck out, MS. 75. *contnnce* MS.
78. *chaunce*] corrected out of *change* MS.
80. *lyvythe*] *lyghttythe* MS. *in an yle*] *mauyle* MS.

(9)

Torrent

Terrent sayd: 'Be Marre bryght,
Yt ys gret sorrow that he hathe syght,
The devyH of heH hym blynd!'
The *kyng* sayd: 'Par la-more de dewe,
Thow darryst fuH evyH *with* thy Ey hym sewe,
He wold feH the *with* hys wynde.'

agrees to fight

'Now, be my trowthe,' seyd Torrent than,
'Ase I ame a jentylman,
Yf I may hym fynd,
Won fot woH I not fro hym pase,
Thow he be stronger than Samson wase, f. 77*b*.
Or anny man of *hys* kynd!'

(10)

Hys squyerys, they mornyd sare,
With-owt fere that he schold fare
To that gret iorney,

the Giant Begonmese,

With the gyant heygh for to fyght.
Be-gon-mese that gyant hyght,
That fynddes fere for aye.
To arme hyme Torrant gas,
Hys good stede *with* hym he tas,
With owt squyer that Day.
He takythe leve at lorddys hend,

and sets out.

And on hys wey gan he wynd,
For hym aH they pray.

(11)

Desonell knows not that it is for love of her.

LytyH wyst DesoneH that jente,
For whos love that he went
To fyght *with* that knave.

86. *he*] written above the line, MS. 88. *kyng*] *knyght* MS. 96. *hys*] om. MS. 97. *sore* MS. 102. *fare* MS. 103. *gas*] *goos* MS. 104. *tas*] *takythe* MS. 108. *pray*] *prayd* MS.

Now god, that Dyed appon a Rode, — God give Torrent victory!
Strengithe hym bothe bone and blod,
The fyld for to haue!
He that schaH wend soche a wey,
Yt were nede for hym to *pray*,
That *Iesu* hym schuld saue.
Yt ys in the boke of Rome,
Ther was no knyght of kyrstendome,
That jorney Durst crave.

(12)

VI days Rydythe he — After 6 days' ride
By the cost of the feyer see,
To seke the gyant kene.
By the cost as he Rode, — f. 78*a*.
In a forest longe and brode
And symly wase to sene,
Hey sperrys ther he fonde
And gret olyvys growonde
Coverd in levys *grene*.
Sone wase he ware, ase y yow say, — he sees the Giant asleep.
Vppon a movnteyn ther he laye
On slepe, ase I wene.

(13)

Torrent, on kne knelyd he
And be-sowght *Jesu* so fre,
That bowght hym *with* hys blod:
'Lord, ase thow dyd *ryght* for *Mary*, — He prays for Christ's help.
Let me never take velony
And gef me of thy fode!
Serttes, yf I hym slepyng slone,
ManfuH Ded were yt none
For my body, be the Rode.'

123. *seke*] *ches*, struck out, *seke* written over with paler ink.
126. *see* MS. 129. *grene*] *smale* MS.
136. *ryght*] *lyght* written above the line with paler ink. *mare* MS.

Tho Terrant blewe hys bugeH bold,
To loke that he a-wake wold,
And sythe ner hyme Rode.

(14)

As Torrent can't wake the Giant with his bugle,

So fast a-slepe he wase browght,
Hys hornys blast a-woke hyme nowght,
He swellyd ase dothe the see.
Torrent saw, he woH not wake,
He Reynyd hys sted vnto a stake,
Ase a jentyH man *so fre*.
So hy, he say, wase the movnteyne,
Ther mygh*t* no horse wynd hym a-geyn
But yf he nowyd wold be ; f. 78b.
Thowe the wey neuyr so wykkyd w*a*re,
On hys wey gan he fare,
In gret p*e*rayH went hee.

(15)

Torent went to that movnte*y*n,

he stirs him up with his spear,

He put hys spere hyme a-geyne,
'A-Ryse, fellow!' gan he saye ;
'Who made the so bold here to dweH,
My lord*es* frethe thus to feH?
A-mend*es* the be-hovythe to pay.'

and makes him wild.

The gyant Rysythe, ase he had byn wod,
And Redyly by hyme stode,
Be-syd hyme on a lay,
And seyd : 'Se*r*tes, yf I leve,
Soche a wed I woH the geff,
To meve the Euyr and ay.'

(16)

Thow the chyld were neuyr so y*i*nge,
The fynd*es* spere sparrythe hyme no-thyng
I*n* the holtt*es* h*a*ree ;

150. *so fre*] *in fere* MS. 151. *say*] *sayd* MS.
152. *mygh* (!) MS. 154. *were* MS. 157. *movnten* MS.
169. *yonge* MS. 171. *In*] *Ihū* (!) MS. *horee* MS.

Who had fare and nere byne,
And neu*er* had of fytyng syn,
He myght a lernyd th*are*.
The gyant, the fyrst stroke to hym he cast, The fight begins.
His good schyld aH to-brast,
In schevyr*es* spred wase *ya*re;
Tho covd he no bett*ur* Red,
But stond styH, tyH one were ded;
The gyant lefte hym th*ar*.

(17)

Torrent vndyr hys spryt he spre*nt* Torrent grips the Giant;
And a-bowght the body he hyme hente, f. 79*a*.
As far as he myght last.
'A! fellow, wylt thow so?'
And to the grownd gan they goo, they both fall, and roll down the mountain.
Of the movnteyn bothe downe they pas*t*.
Ase the boke of Rome tellys,
They tornyd XXXII *ell'ys*,
In armys walloyng fast.
Yt tellythe in the boke of Rome,
Euyr ase the gyant a-boue come,
Hys gutt*es* owt of hys body *brast*. The Giant bursts

(18)

At the fot of the movnteyn
Ther lay a gret Ragyd ston, s*er*teyn, open against a big stone.
Yt nyhed ys schuldyr bon
And also hys Ryght syd,
Ther to that gyant feH that tyd,
Ase *I* herd in Rome . . .

173. *seyn* MS. 174. *there* MS.
175. *to hym*] written above the line. 177. *there* MS.
178. *he no*] *not he* MS. *Ryd* MS. 180. *ther* MS.
181. *sprent*] *spred* MS. 186. *they past*] *gan they pase* MS.
188. *ellys*] *tymys* MS. 192. *brast*] *Rane* MS.
197 put before 196. MS. 198. *I*] *he* MS.

(19)

Torrent stabs the Giant,

Thorrow hyme, that mad man),
Torrent sone a-bovyn) wane
And fast he gan *him quelle*
With a knyffe feyer' and bryght;
Torrent, *with* aH hys myght
Ther-*with* he gard hyme dweH.

(20)

Torent knelyd on hys kne,
To Ie*s*u Cryst p*ra*yd he,
That hathe thys world to wyld:

and then thanks Christ.

'Lord, lovyd, evyr lovyd thowe be,
The feyer' fyld thow hast lent Me,'
—Vpp bothe hys hand*es he* held— f. 79*b*.
'AH onely w*ith*-owt any knaue
Of the fynd the maystry to haue,
Of hym to wyn the fyld.'
Now ys ther none other to say,
Of hyme he wane the fyld þ*a*t day;
I p*ra*y God hyme schyld.

(21)

Torrent went vppe a-geyne
To the movnt, ase I gan sayne,
The lond*es* to se far and nere;

He sees the sea,

In the see a myle, hyme thoȝt,
An hold wase Rychyly wrowt,
In that lond wase not here perre.
The see wase Ebbyd, I yow sey,

and goes to it.

Torrent thether toke the way,
Werry aH thow he were;

199. after *Thorrow*, *of* has been scraped out.
201. *him quelle*] *warke* MS. 203. *hys*] *h* corrected out of *m* MS.
210. *he*] om. MS. 213. *wyn*] *wynd*, *d* erased MS.
214. *to* written above the line, MS.
215. *Now ys ther non other say*
Of hyme to wyne the fyld þ*at day* add. (!) MS.
219. *to se* written above the line.

And ther he fownd Ryche wo*n*ys,
Towrr*es* Endentyd w*ith* presyos stonys,
Schynyng ase crystaH clere.

Torrent finds the Giant's castle,

(22)

T*wo* gattys off yron ther he fond,
Ther in Torrent gan wonde,
A nyght*es* Rest there in *to* ta;
And at the hale dore ther wase
A lyon & a lyonasse,
Ther men be-twene them twa
Fast Etyng', ase ye may here;
Crystyn *man* thow *he* were,
Hys browys *wexe* bl*a*,
And wit yow wiH, lord god yt wote,
He durst goo no fote,
Lest they wold hyme sl*a*.

guarded by a lion and lioness.

f. 80*a*.

(23)

Torrant stod and be-held,
And pr*a*yd to god, that ale may wyld,
To send hyme harborrow good.
Sone hard he w*ith*in a whalle
The syghyng of a lady smalle,
Sche weppte, as sche were wod;
Sche mornyd sore and sayd: 'Alas,
That Euyr kyng*es* dowghttyr wase
Ou*er*-come of so jentyH blod,
For now ame I holdyn here
In lond w*ith* a fynd*es* fere!'
Torrent hard, wher he stod.

He hears a lady sighing within.

226. *wonys*] *wayes* MS. 229. *Two*] *The* MS.
231. *to ta*] *he take* MS. 234. *twa*] *twayne* MS.
236. *man*] *thow* (!) MS. *he*] *they* MS.
237. *wexe bla*] *be gan to blowe* MS. 240. *sle* MS.
244. *whalle*] with paler ink corrected from *whyle*.
245. *syghyng*] with paler ink corrected from *syngyng*.

(24)

Dere god,' seyd Torrant than,
'Yff ther be anny crystyn man
In thys hold of ston,
That woH, for the love of god of myght,
Harbourrow a jentylman thys nyght,
For I ame but on!'
'Seynt Marry,' seyd that lady clere,
'What crystyn man axithe harburrow here?'
Nere hym sche gothe a-non.
'I wold harburrow the fuH fayne,
But a gyant wyH the slayne.'
To hym sche mad here mone.

Torrent asks for a night's lodging in the Castle.

(25)

'Say me now, fayer lady, *belyve*, f. 80b.
Who owte *of* thys plase schaH *me dryve*,
Thes tourres, that are so bryght?'
Ther sche Seyd: 'Be hevyn kyng,
Here ys a gyant Dwellyng,
That meche ys of myght.
Be my trowthe, and he the see,
Were ther XX lyvys in the,
Thy dethe than wyH he dyght.
Iesu cryst yef me grace
To hyd the in some preve plase
Owt of the fyndes syght! . . . . .

The Lady says

the Giant will kill him.

(26)

'Euyr me thynkythe be thy tale,
The song of the burdes smale
On slepe hathe hyme browght.'

259. *clere*] *e* corrected out of *r* MS.
261. *sche gothe anon*] *a non sche gothe* MS. 265. *bel.*] om. MS.
266. *of*] om. MS. *me dryve*] *hyght* MS.
267. *so*] *feyer and* add. MS.
271. *the*] *thow*, *w* erased and *e* changed into *o*, MS.
273. *They* (!) MS. 275. *hyd*] corrected from *hyde*.
277. *thy*] *my* erased and *thy* written above the line.

'Ye,' seyd Torrent, 'ore he be wakyn,
I schaH the teH soche a tokyn,
Of hym thow haue no thowght!
But wolddes thow for thy gentry
Do the lyonnys downe lye,
That they nyee me nowght?'
By the hande sche ganne hym ta
And led hyme in betwe them twa;
Ryght ase sche wold, they wrowght.

The Lady takes Torrent past the Lions, into the Castle.

(27)

The lady wase neuyr so a-drad,
In to the hale sche hym lad,
That lemyred ase gold bryght;
Sche byrlyd whyt wyne and Rede: f. 81a.
'Make vse myrre a-geyne owre Dedd,
I wot wiH, yt ys so dyght!'
'Be my trowthe!' seyd Torrent,
'I wole be thy warrant,
He comythe not here thys nyght.
On soche a slepe he ys browght,
AH men of lyve wakythe hym nowght,
But onely godes *myght*.'

He tells her he has kild the Giant.

(28)

Blythe then wase that lady jent,
For to on-harnes Torrent,
That dowghtty wase and bold;
'For sothe,' sche seyd, 'I wot wher ys
The kynges sone *Verdownys*,
Fast put in hold

She tells him of Prince Verdownys,

283. *thy*] *th* corrected from *m*. *gentry*] *gentre*, *e* corrected from *y*.
285. *nyee*] first *e* above the line.
286. *hande*] *d* corrected from *e*. *tane* MS.
287. *bewte* MS. *twayne* MS.
300. *godes myght*] *gode a lone* MS.
305. *Verdownys*] *of prense* MS.

and 4 Earls' sons in the Giant's prison.

In a dongon, that ys dym;
Fowyre good Erylles sonnys be with hyme
Ys fet in fere and fold.
The gyant wan theme in a tyde,
Ase they Rane be the watyr syd,
And put them in preson cold.

(29)

'In an yron cage he hathe them done.'
Torrent went thether sone:
'Are ye yet levand?'
The kynges sone askyd than,
Yf ther were anny crysten man,
'Wold bryng vse owt of bond?'
'Lord,' he seyd, 'god aHmyght,
I had levyr on a Day to fyght, f. 81b.
Than aH my fathyrys lond.'

Torrent breaks open the prison,

With an iryn maH styff and strong
He brake vpe an yron dore or longe,
And sone the keyes he fond.

(30)

and frees the 5 youths.

Owt he toke thys chyldyryn fyve,
The feyrest that were on lyve,
I-hold in anny sted.
The lady wase fuH gled,
Sche byrlyd whyt wyn and Redd,

They sup.

And sethyn to soper sone they yed.
'Lordes,' he seyd, 'syn yow are her,
I Red yow make Ryght good cher,
For now ys aH thy nede.'
Thus he covyrd owt of care.
God, that sofryd wonddes sare,
Grante vse weH to sped!

318. *owt*] *ow* (!) MS. 323. *or longe*] added in paler ink.
325. *chyld.*] a *v* struck out, follows. 328. *glad* MS.
335. *sore* MS. 336. *welle to sped*] *to sped welle* MS.

(31)

Lordd*es*, and ye wol lythe,
The chyldyr namys I woH teH blythe,
Here kyn, how they were me told;
The kyng*es* sone, that dowghtty *ys*,
Wase clepyd Verdownys,
That dowghtty wase and bold,
And an Eryll*es* son, that hyght Torren,
A nother Iakys of Berweyne,
The forthe was Amyas bold. f. 82*a*.
The kyng*es* dowghttyr of Gales lond,
Elyoner', I vndyrstond,
That worthy wase in hold,

Torrent freed Prince Verdownys, Lords

Torren, Jakys, and Amyas,

and Princess Eleanor.

(32)

In to hys chambyr sche hyme led,
Ther gold and syluyr wase spred,
And asur', that wase blo;
In yron ther he gan stond,
Body and armys *al schyn*and,
In' powynt to trusse and goo.
In to a stabyH sche hym led,
Eche toke a fuH feyer' sted,
They were *redy* to goo;
And wote ye weH and vndyrstond,
Had the gyant be levand,
They had not p*ar*tyd soo.

She takes Torrent to his chamber,

and then all of them to the stable, where each chooses a horse.

(33)

They woH not to bed gan*ge*,
TyH on the morrow the Day spronge,
Thus a wey to ffare.

337. after *wol*, *be* struck out MS. 340. *ys*] *wase* MS.
346—348 put before 343—345, MS. 351. *blo*] *blewe* MS.
353. *al sch.*] *lygand* (!) MS.
354. *trusse*] corrected from *truste*. 357. *redy*] om. MS.
358. *wote*] with paler ink corrected from *what*.
359. *Had*] corrected out of *han*. *byn* follows, almost entirely erased. *gyant*] *t* corrected from *d*.
361. *gange*] *gan* MS. *lle on the* struck out, follows.

Torrant sperryd the gattys, i-wyse,
AH that he lyst he clepyd hys,
The keys and thyng he bare.
Torrent feeds the lions on the Giant's body, The lyons *that was* at the dore
Wase led to her mayst*er* that wase befor',
On hym thay fed them *yare*,
Vpp won of the horse, that wase ther' levyd,
and puts his head on a horse. *On* hym thei trussyd the gyantt*es* he*ved*.
Thus helpt hym god thar'.

(34)

But ore III wek*es* wer' com*myn*) to End,
He goes back to Portugal. To PortynggaH gan he wend,
Ther' ase the kyng gan *lend*;
The porter' sawe *hym* ther he stood,
He fled a wey, ase he were wod,
Flyngyng ase a fynd. f. 82*b*.
'Syr kyng,' he seyd, 'be godd*es* dede,
Torrant bryngythe a devyH ys hed,
Ther w*ith* he woH yow present.'
DesoneH seyd: 'Porter', be styH!' . . .
In hys walke ther ase he went.

(35)

The kyng to the gatys gan pase,
Gret lord*es* that ther wase,
Bothe knyght*es* and squyerre,
The King and his Lords are afraid of the lions. Lord*es* wase fuH sore a-dred
Fore the lyonys, þ*at* he had,
They durst not come hyme ner'.

366. *keys*] *e* written with paler ink above the line.
367. *lyons that was*] *lyone* MS.
369. *Vn* (!) MS. *hym*] *y* corrected out of *e* MS. *thay*] corrected from *that*. *yare*] *ther* MS.
371. *Vn* (!) MS. *thei*] *i* written above the line. *hed* MS.
372. *ther* MS.
373. *were*] *ther*, struck out, and *were* written over.
375. *lend*] *lye* MS. 376. *sawe h. th.*] *ther sawe he* MS.
386. *squyerres* MS.

The kyng seyd: 'I wyH *the* kysse,
Durst I for' thy best*es*, Iwysse.'
Torrent dyd them ly ther',
And kyssyd the kyng *with* joy and blyse;
And aftyr, other lord*es* of hys,
And aftyr, ladys *clere*.

Torrent kisses the King of Portugal.

(36)

Messengyr*es went* the weye,
To the kyng of P*rov*yns to sey,
Hys sone ys owt of hold:
'Yyng Torrent of PortynggaH
Hathe browght hym owt of balle
And slayne the jeyant bold.'
LytyH and mykyH þ*at* ther wer',
AH they mad good cher
Her' prynse fayne se wold.
The kyng *seyd*: 'So mot I the,
I woH geff the towynnys thre
For' the tall*es* thow hast me told.'

The King of Provyns is glad

f. 83*a*.

of his son Verdownys's safety

(37)

Th*an seyd* they, th*at* to Gales yede,
Yeftys to *take* were hem no ned,
Then *Ver*downys had they.
Ase they seylyd on a tyde,
At Perrown on the see syd
. . . . . .
The kyng of P*rov*yn*se* seyd: 'So mot I the,
Yftles schaH they not be,
That dare I sothely sey.'

and promises Torrent gifts.

390. *the*] *hym* MS.
395. *aftyr*] *other* add. (!) MS. *clere*] *jent* MS.
396. *went*] *to* (!) MS. 397. after *Provyns I* MS.
399. *Yoyng* MS. 405. *kyng seyd*] *kynges messengere* MS.
405-7 put before 402-4.
408. *Than—that*] *That they than* MS. *Gales*] with paler ink corrected from *Calles*. *yede*] corrected from *went*.
409. *take*] om. MS. *hym* MS. 410. *Then Downys* MS.

The King of Gales offers Torrent his daughter.

The kyng of Gales proferd hym feyer':
'Wed my dowghttyr and myn Eyer',
When so euyr' thow may! . . . . .

(38)

The kyng of Perve*n*se seyd: 'So mot I the,
Thys seson) yeftles schaH thow not be,
Haue here my Ryng of gold,
The King of Provyns gives Torrent his Sword
My sword, that so wyH ys wrowyt;
A bett*er* than) yt know I nowght
With in) crystyn) mold;
Yt ys ase glemyrryng ase the glase,
made by Weland,
Thorrow Velond wroght yt wase,
Bettyr ys non) to hold.
I have syne sum tyme in) lond,
Whoso had yt of myn) hond,
Fawe the*y were* I-told.'

(39)

Tho wase Torrent blythe and glad,
The good swerd ther he had,
and named Adolake.
The name wase Adolake.
A gret mayne*rey* let he make *ryght*
A fortnight's Feast is held.
That lest aH a fortnyght,
Who so wiH hys met take. f. 83*b*.
Euyry man toke ys leve, ase *I* yow say,
Hom-ward to wend ther wey,
Eue*r*y man ys Rest to take.
TyH yt be-feH vppon a day,
Ase they went be the wey,
The kyng to hys dowghttyr spake:

417. *gales*] *g* with paler ink corrected from *c*.
429. *Loke thou hold yt with full*e *hond*, add. MS.
431. *I fawght therfore I told* MS.
435. *mayn.*] *mayne let*, with paler ink corrected into *mayney*.
ryght] om. MS.
438. *I*] om. MS. 440. *to take ys Rest* MS.

(40)

'Ye schaH take hed of a jeentyH man),
A feyer' poynt for' yow he wane,
  DesoneH, at the last.'
Syr,' sche seyd, 'be hevyn kyng,
TyH ye me told, I knewe no thyng,
  For who ys love yt wase.'
'DesoneH, so mvt I the,
Yt wase for the lowe of the,
  That he trovylld so fast.
I warne yow, dowghttyr, be the Rode,
Yt ys for yow bothe good,
  Ther to I Red yow trast.'

The King of Portugal tells Desonell

that Torrent kild the Giant for love of her.

(41)

Forthe sche browght a whyt sted,
As whyt as the flowyr in' med,
  Ys fytte blac ase slon.
'Leman), haue here thys fole,
That dethe ys dynt schalt þou not *thole*,
  WhyH thow settyste hyme appon,
And yf thow had p*erse*wyd be
And hadyst ned fore to fle,
  Fast for to gone.
The kyng of Nazareth sent hym me,
Torrent, I wet-saffe hym on the,
  For bett*er* love may I none.'

She gives Torrent a white steed

which the King of Nazareth had sent her.

f. 84*a*.

(42)

Aftyr-ward vppon a tyd,
Ase the went be the watyr*es* syd,
  The kyng and yong Torrent,

455. *trust* MS. 458. *slo* MS.
460. *thole*] *haue* MS. 461. *settythe* MS.
462. *þ'revyd* (!) MS.
465. So Fragm. I (F. I); *The kyng of Portynggalle seyd: 'So mot I the* MS.
466. *hym on*] so F. I; *of* MS.

The King

The kyng wold fayne, that he ded wer',
And he wyst, in' what maner',
How he schuld be schent;

treacherously

A false lettyr mad the kyng
And dyd messengyres forthe yt bryng,
On the Rever', ase they went,

asks Torrent to get Desonell a Falcon

To Torrent, that was trew ase styH,
Yf he love DesoneH wyH,
Get her a facon' jent.

(43)

Torrent the letter be-gan' to Red,
The kyng lestyned & nere yed,
Ase he yt nevyr ad sene.
'Syr,' he seyd, 'what may thys be,
Loo, lord, come ner' and see,
A-bowght a facon' schene?
I ne wot, so god me sped,
In what lond that they bred.'
The kyng answerd: 'I wene,

from the Forest of Magdalen.

In the forrest of Mavdeleyn',
Ther be hawkes, ase I herd seyne,
That byn of lenage clen'.'

(44)

And than seyd the kyng on-trew:
'Yf thow get hawkys of gret valew,
Bryng on of them to me!'
Torrent Seyd: 'So god me saue, f. 84b.

He agrees to do it.

Yf yt be-tyd, that I may haue,
At yowr wyH they schal be.'
Hys squyere bode he thar',
Aftyr hys armor' for to far',
In the fyld byddythe he.

471. *ded were*] so F. I; *were ded* MS. 472. *he*] so F. I; *hym* MS.
477. *that was*] so F. I; om. MS. 482. *syne* MS.
487. *that*] so F. I; om. MS. *they*] *ne* add. (!) MS.
489. *Mavd.*] so F. I; *Mavdlen* MS. 491. *clen'*] *gene* MS.
498. *squyere*] so F. II; *squyeres* MS. *there* MS.

They armyd hym in hys wed,
Tho he be-strod a noble sted,
And forthe than Rod hee.

(45)

Torrent toke the wey a-geyn
In to the forest of Mawdleyn,
In the wyld-some way;
Berys and apes there founde he,
And wylde bestys great plente,
And lyons where they lay.
In a wod that wase tyght,
Yt Drew nere-hand nyght
By dymmynge of the Day,
Harkyn, lord*es*, *to* them came wo,
He and hys squyer' p*ar*tyd in two,
Carfull men then were they.

Torrent rides to the Forest of Magdalen, gets separated from his Squire,

(46)

At the schedyng of a Rome
Eche p*ar*tyd other frome,
For sothe, ase I vndyrstond.
Torrent toke a dulful wey
Downe in a depe valey
Be-syd a well strong.
A lytyll be fore mydnyght
Of a dragon he had syght,
That grysly wase to *fond;*
He had hym nowght to were,
But hys schyld and hys spere, f. 85*a*.
That wase in hys squyer*es* hond.

and comes on a Dragon.

502. *noble*] so F. II; *nothere* MS.
507—509. so F. II: *Berrys he sawe stondyng*
And wyld bestes ther goyng,
Grct lyonys ther he fond. MS.
510. *tyght*] so F. II; *thyke* MS.
512. *By d.*] so F. II; *And ine the Dawnyng* MS.
513. *to—wo*] so F. II; *to*] *of* F. II. *what I schalle sey* MS.
514. *in two*] so F. II; *they* MS.
515. *men—they*] so F. II; *they were that Day* MS.
524. *fond*] *syght* MS.

(47)

Torrent knelyd on hys kne,
Torrent prays to Christ — To Iesu Cryst prayd he:
'Lord, mykyH of myght,
Syne I wase in mechе care,
Let me nevuyr owt of thys world far,
TyH I haue take order of knyght.
Ase I ame falsely hether sent,
Wyld-som weyes haue I went,
With fyndes for to fyght.
Now, Iesu, for thy holy name,
Ase I ame but man a-lone,
to be his help. — Than be my helpe to nyght!'

(48)

Ase Torrent Iesu gan pray,
He herd the dragon, ther he lay
Vndyr-nethe a clow;
Of and on he wase stronge,
The Dragon's tail is 7 yards long, — Hys tayle wase VII yerdes long,
That aftyr hyme he drowe;
Hys wyngges wase long and wyght,
To the chyld he toke a flyght
With an howge swowe;
Had he nether schyld ne spere,
But prayd to god, he schold hyme were,
For he wase in dred i-nowe.

(49)

and has a fiery head on it. — On the tayle an hed ther wase,
That byrnyd Bryght as anny glase, fol. 85b.
In fyer whan yt was dyght;

532. *thys*] *hys* (!) MS.
533. *haue*] *or* add. (!) MS. *order*] *othere* (!) MS.
542. *clow*] *colod* or *colvd*, *l* corrected from *d*, MS.
543. *and*] *an* MS. 545. *drewe* MS.
548. *swowe*] *swayne* (!) MS. 551. *inowthe* MS.
554. *yt*] *he* MS.

A-bowght the schyld he lappyd yt ther',
Torrent the bowght a-sondyr schere
Thurrow the *grace* of god almyght.
As the boke of Rome tellys,
Of hys taylle he cut IIII elles
With hys swerd so bryght.
Than cryed the lothely thyng,
That aH the daH be-gan to Ryng,
That hard the gyant wyght.

Torrent cuts 4 ells off the Dragon's tail;

(50)

The gyant seyd: 'I vndyrstond,
There ys sum crystyn man nere hond,
My dragon here I cry.
By hym, that schope bothe watyr' and lond,
AH that I can se be-fore me stond,
Dere schaH they a-bye!
Me thynkythe, I here my dragon schowt,
I deme, ther be svme dowghtty man hym a-bowght,
I trow, to long I ly.
Yf I dweH in my pyH of ston,
And my cheff-foster were gone,
A false mayster were I!'

and while its Giant-owner is getting ready to help it,

(51)

Be the gyant wase Redy dyght,
Torrent had slayne the dragon Ryght;
Thus gan god hyme scheld.
To the mownteyne he toke the wey
To Rest hyme, aH that day,
He had myster, to be kyld.
TyH the day be-gan to spryng, f. 87*a*.[1]
Fowllys gan myrre to syng
Bothe in frethe and in feld.

Torrent kills it.

558. *Tellys*] *tellythe* MS. 563. *That the gyant hard wyght* MS.
574. *foster*] *st* corr. out of *t*. 581. *kyllyd* MS.
[1] There is no f. 86 in the paging of the MS.

Leve we now of Torrent thore
Torrent's Squire And speke we of thys squyer̃ more:
Iesu hys sole fro heH shyld!

(52)

rides all night in a wood, Hys squyer̃ Rod aH nyght
In a wod, that wase fuH tyght,
With meche care and gret fare,
For to seke hys lord Torrent,
That wyghtly wase frome hyme sent,
And he wyst nevyr̃ whethyr ne whar̃.
He Durst neuyr̃ cry ne schuot,
For wyld bestes were hym a-bowght
In̄ the holttes hare;
A lytyl whyH be-fore the day
He toke in̄ to a Ryde-wey
Hyme self to meche care.

(53)

Forthe he Rod, I vndyrstond,
till he finds a highway, TyH he an hey wey fond,
With-owtyn̄ any Delite,
Also fast ase he myght fare,
Fore berrys and apys, þat ther ware,
Lest they wold hym byght.
The sone a-Rose and schone bryght,
Of a castyH he had a syght,
That wase bothe feyer̃ and whyte . . . .

(54)

and is met by a Giant. The gyant him se, & ny yed,
And seyd: 'Fellow, so god me sped, f. 87b.
Thow art welcom to me:
What dost thow here in my forest?'
'Lord, to seke an hawkys nest,
Yff yt yowr wyl be.'

585. *there* MS. 592. *wysly* MS. 593. *wher* MS.
595. *wyld*] *wyd* MS. 596. *hore* MS. 597. *lyty* MS.
602. *Delite*] *delay* MS. 604. *were* MS. 609. *hem* MS.

'The be-hovythe to ley a wede.'
To an oke he hym led:
Gret Ruthe yt wase to se.
In IIII *quar*teres he hym drowe,
And eu*e*ry quarter vppon a bowe;
Lord, soche weys toke hee!

The Giant cuts Torrent's Squire into 4 quarters.

(55)

Ase Torrent in the movnteyn dyd ly,
Hym thowght, he hard a ReufuH cry;
Gret fere ther hyme thowght.
'Seynt Marre,' seyd the chyld so f*re*,
'Wher euyr' my jentyH squyer' myght be,
That I w*i*th me to wod browght?
On he dyd hys harnes a-geyne
And worthe on hys sted, s*er*teyne,
And thetherward he sowght.
And wot yow wyH, I vndyrstond,
In fowre quartyr*es* he hym fownd,
For other wyse wase yt nowght.

Torrent finds these,

(56)

The gyant lenyd to a tre
And be-hyld Torrent so free,
For sothe, ase *I* yow seye.
Thys fend wase ferly to fyght,
Rochense, seythe the boke, he hyght,
Ther wase a dredfuH fraye.
To the chyld than gan he smyght:
'A theff, yeld the asttyt,
As fast as thow may!'
'What,' seyd Torrent, 'art thow wood?
God, that Dyed on the Rood,
Geff the evyH happe thys day!'

and is attackt by this giant Rochense.

f. 88*a*.

618. *drewe* MS. 624. *fre*] *fer* MS.
630. *wot*] *w* add. (!) MS. 635. *I*] om. MS.

(57)

He Rawght Torrent soche a Rowght,
Torrent's steed is kild. Hys steddes brayne he smot owte,
So mykyH he be-gan).
Torrent tho a good sped
Ase fast a-bowte an eche *yede;*
Ase swefte ase he myght, *he* Ran.
He gathyred svm of hys gere,
Bothe hys schyld and hys spere;
Nere hym yod he than).
He drives the Giant back Bacward than be a brow3
Twenty fote he gard hyme goo,
Thus erthe on hym he wane.

(58)

Yt solasyd Torrant then),
When he sawe hyme bacward ren
Downe be a movnteyn) of Perowne,
Stomlyng thurrow frythe and fen),
into a deep glen, TyH he com to a depe *glen*,
Ther myght non hym stere.
Torrent wase glad and folowyd fast,
And hys spere on hyme he brast,
Good Adyloke yed hyme nere.
where he stands in water. The fynd in) the watyr stod,
He fawte a-geyn, ase he were wod,
AH þe day in) fere.

(59)

Tho nere hond wase the day gone, f. 88*b*.
Torrent wase so werry than)
That on hys kne he kneld:
Torrent prays God for help. 'Helpe, god, that aH may!
DesoneH, haue good day!'
Fro hym he cest hys schyld.

649. *yede*] *went* MS. 650. *he Ran*] *Ryne* MS.
657. *than* MS. 658. *ren*] *Rond* (!) MS. 661. *glen*] *thorne* MS.
662. *stere*] *schere* MS. 668. þe] *the* add. (!) MS.
671. *knelyd he* MS.

Iesu wold not, he were slayne,
To hym he sent a schowyr of Rayne,
  Torrent fuH wyH yt keld.
The fynd saw, he wase ny mate,
Owt of the watyr he toke the gate,
  He thowght to wyne the fyld.

Jesus freshens up Torrent.

(60)

Thoo wase Torrent ffresse and good;
Nere the fynd sore he stod,
  Cryst hym saue and see!
The fynd fawt with an yron staff,
The fyrst stroke, to hym he gaffe,
  He brast hys schyld on thre.
Torrent vndyr hys staff Rane,
To the hart he baryd hym than,
  And lothely cry gane he.
To the grownd he feH ase tyght,
And Torrent gan hys hed of-smyght,
  And thus he wynnythe the gre.

The Giant attacks again.

Torrent runs him thro' the heart,

cuts his head off,

(61)

Torrent knelyd on the grownd
And thankyd god þat ylke stownd,
  That soche grace hyme send.
Thus II journeys in thys woo
With hys hande*s* slow *he* gyantys too,
  That meny a man hathe schent.
Torrent forthe frome hyme þan yod,
And met hyme XXIIII fotte,
  Ther he lay on the bent.
Hedles he left hym there,
Howt of the fyld the hed he bare
  And to the casteH he went.

f. 89*a*.

finds him 24 ft. long, and goes to his Castle.

677. *kelyd* MS. 690. *gownd* MS.
697. *he*] *II* MS.

(62)

Torrent goes to the Giant's

To thys casteH he gan far'; 705
Ther fond he armor' and other' *gare*,
A swerd, that wase bryght.
To the towre he toke the wey,
Ther the gyant*es* bed lay,
That Rychyly wase dyght. 710
At the bedd*es* hed he fond

Castle, and finds a splendid sword,

A swerd, worthe an Erllys lond,
That meche wase of myght.
On the pomeH yt wase wret,
Fro a prynce yt wase get, 715
Mownpolyardn*us* he hyght.

(63)

The sarten *to sey* w*ith*-owt lese,
A scheff-chambyr' he hym ches,
TyH on the morrow day.
To the stabuH tho he y*ed*, 720

and a noble white steed.

There he fond a nobyH sted,
Wase comely whyt and grey.

With the heads of the Giant and Dragon, Torrent

The gyantt*es* hed gan he take,
And the dragonnys wold he not forsake,
And went forthe on hys wey. 725
He left mor' good in that sale
Than wase w*ith* in) aH Portynggah, f. 89*b*.
Ther ase the gyant laye.

(64)

rides back to Portugal.

Tho he Rod bothe Day and nyght,
TyH he come to a casteH bryght, 730
Ther ys lord gan dweH.
The kyng ys gone to the gate,
Torrent on kne he fond ther at,
Schort taH for to teH.

706. *gere* MS. 717. *to sey*] om. MS.
718. *he*] *sche* MS. *chesys* (!) MS. 720. *yod* MS.

'Haue thow thys in̄ thyn̄ hond:
No nother hawkys ther I fond
At Mawdlenys weH.'
The kyng *quod:* 'Ase so haue I blyse,
Torrent, I trow, sy*bbe* ys
To the deweH of heH! . . . .

Torrent gives the King the Giant's and Dragon's heads instead of a Falcon,

(65)

'Here be syd dwellythe won on lond,
Ther ys no knyght, *hys* dynt may stond,
So stronge he ys *in dede!*'
'Syr̄,' he sayd, 'fore sen Iame,
What ys the gyant*es* name,
So Euyr good me sped?'
'Syr̄,' he seyd, 'so mvt I the,
Slogus of Fuolle*s*, thus hyte hee,
That wyt ys vndyr wede.' . . . . . .

and says the Giant Rocheuse was Slogus of Fuolles.

(66)

LytyH and mykyH, lese and more,
Wondyr on the hedd*es* thore,
That Torrent had browght whome.
The Lord*es* seyd 'Be sen MyheH!
Syr kyng, but ye love hyme wyH,
To yow yt ys gret schame!'
Torent ordeynyd pryst*es* fyve, f. 90*a*.
To syng for hys squyerys lyve,
And menythe hym by name.
Therfor̄ the lady whyt ase swane
To Torrant, here lord, sche went than̄,
Here hert wase to hyme tane.

Desonell gives her heart to Torrent.

738. *quod*] om. (!) MS. 739. *sybbe*] *sylke* MS.
742. *knyght hys*] *knyghtes* MS. 743. *in d.*] *on grond* MS.
752. *browght*] *ho* add. (!) MS.
753. *The*] om. MS. *seyd*] *he* add. MS. *Myhelle*] *my her, r* corrected to *lle* with paler ink.
756. *prystes*] V add. (!) MS.

(67)

Lettyrres come ther withalle
To the kyng of Portynggall,
To ax hys dowghttyr Derre,
Fro the kyng of Eragon,
To wed her to hys yongeest son,
The lady, that ys so clere.
For Torrent schuld not her haue,
For hyme fyrst he here gafe,
To the messenger,
And hys *way* fast ageyn dyd pase,
Whyle Torrent an huntyng wase,
Ther of schuld he not be were.

The King of Aragon asks for Desonell for his youngest Son.

(68)

On a mornyng, ther ase he lay,
The kyng to the quene gan sey :
'Madame, for cherryte,
Thow art oftyn hold wyse ;
Now woll ye tell me yowr deuyce,
How I may governe me :
The Ryche kyng hathe to me sent,
For to aske my dowghttyr gente
That ys so feyer and fre.'
'Syr,' sche Seyd, 'so god me saue,
I Red yow let Torent her haue,
For best worthy ys he.'

The Queen of Portugal wishes Torrent to have her.

f. 90*b*.

(69)

He sayd : 'Madame, were that feyer,
To make an erlles sone myn Eyer?
I will not, by sen Iame!
There he hathe done maystres thre,
Yt ys *hys* swerd, yt ys not he,
For Hatheloke ys ys name.'

The King refuses.

762. *ther withalle*] *hetherward* MS. 769. *For*] *To* MS.
771. *way*] om. MS. 773. *ware* MS.
775. *The (quene to the) kyng to the quene gan sey* MS.
779. *That how* MS. 781. *aske*] *ascke* MS. 790. *hys*] om. MS.

'Lord, he myght fuH wyH sped,
A knyghtes dowghttyr wase hyme bed,
Ase whyt ase walles bane;
And yf ye warne hyme DesoneH,
All that ther of here teH,
Ther of wyH speke schame.'

(70)

'Madam, vnto thys tyd
There lythe a gyant here be-syd,
That many a man hathe slayne.
I schaH hyght hym my dowghttyr dere,
To fyght with that fyndes fere,
Thus he holdythe hyme in trayne.
But I schaH make myn commnant so,
That there schaH non with hyme go,
Neyther squyer ne swayne.'
'Syr,' sche seyd, 'so mvt I the,
So sore be-stad hathe he be,
And wyH commyn a-geyne!'

The false King of Portugal plots to have Torrent kild by another Giant.

(71)

Tho the belles be-gan to Ryng,
Vpe Rose that Ryche kyng,
And the lady *so fre*,
And aftyr-ward they went to mase,
Ase the law of holy chyrge wase,
With notes and solemnyte.
Trompettys on the waH gan blowe,
Knyghtes semlyd on a Rowe,
Gret joy wase to see.
Torrent a syd bord began,
The squyeres nexte hym than,
That good knyghtes schuld be.

f. 91*a*. He and his Queen go to Mass.

Torrent sits at the head of a side table.

794. *swalles* (!) MS. *bone* MS. 796. *All*] *And* MS.
806. *Neyther*] om. MS. 812. *so fre*] *in feree* MS.
815. *nettes* (!) MS.

(72)

The King asks Torrent if he'll

Ase they sat a-mydd*es* the mete,
The kyng wold not foreget;
To Torrent the kyng gan sey,
He seyd: 'Torrent, so god me saue,
Thow wold*es* fayne my dowghttyr haue
And hast lovyd her̃ many a day.'
'Ye, be trouthe,' seyd Torrent than,
'And yf þ*at* I were a Ryche man,
Ryght gladly, p*ar* ma fay!'

do a deed of arms for Desonell.

'Yf thow durst for her sake
A poynt of armys vndyrtake,
Thow broke her̃ weH fore ay!'

(73)

'Yes,' says Torrent.

'Ye,' seyd Torrent, 'ar I ga,
Sekyrnes ye schaH me ma
Of yow*r* dowghttyr hend,
And aftyrward my ryghtys,
Be-fore XXVII knyght*es*.' . . . . . .
And aH were Torrent*es* frende.
'Now, good se*r*is,' gan Torrant sey, f. 91b.
'Bere wittnes her of som Daye,
A-geyne yf god me send!'

(74)

Torrent seyd: 'So mvt I the
Wyst I, where my jorney schold *be*,
Thether I wolde me dyght.'
The kyng gaff hyme an answere:

'Then go to Calabria,

'In the lond of Calabur ther̃
Wonnythe a gyant wyhte,

822. *a*] so F. III; *the* MS. 825. *saue*] so F. III; *sped* MS.
830. *gladly*] so F. III; *glad* MS.
831. *for h. s.*] so F. III; *par ma fay* MS.
833. *broke*] so F. III; *breke* MS.
834. *go* F. III; *gan Rage* MS. 835. *make* MS.
839. *frenddes* MS. 844. *be*] om. MS.
845. *wolde*] so F. III; om. MS.
848. *wyhte*] so F. III; *whyte* MS.

And he ys bothe strong and bold,
Slochys he hyght, I the told,
  God send the that waye Ryght!'
Than quod Torrent: 'Haue good day,
And, or I come a-geyn, I schaH asay,
  Whether the fynd can fyght.'

and fight the Giant Slochys.'

(75)

Tho wold he no lenger a-byde,
He toke ys wey for to Ryde
  On a sted of gret valewe.
In to a chambyr he gas,
Hys leue of DesoneH he tas,
  Sche wepte, aH men myght Rewe;
He seyd: 'Lady, be styH!
I schaH come a-geyn the tyH,
  Thurrow helpe of Marry trewe.'
Thus he worthe on a stede.
In hys wey Cryst hyme sped,
  Fore he yt no thyng knewe!

Torrent takes leave of Desonell,

starts,

(76)

He toke hym a Redy wey,
Thurrow Pervyns he toke the wey,
  As hys Iorney feH.
TyH the casteH Be the See,
An hy stret heldythe hee,
  Ther the kyng dyd dwelle.
To the porter he gan seye:
'Wynd in, fellow, I the pray,
  And thy lord than teH,

f. 91a.[1]

and rides to the Castle of the King of Provyns.

851. *that w.*] so F. III; *ways* MS. 852. *good*] *goo* MS.
853. Space left here for an initial letter of the largest size in MS.
856. *Ryde*] *ryght* MS. 858. *gas*] *gothe* MS.
859. *tas*] *toke* MS. 862. *the*] *than* MS. 868. *pvys* MS.
871. *And* MS. 872. *dyd dw.*] *dwellyd* MS. 875. *tyll* MS.

[1] There are two folios 91 in the MS.

Pray hym, on won nyght in hys sale
To harburrow Torrent of PortynggaH,
Yf yt Bee ys wiH!'

(77)

The porter Dyd hys commandment,
The King of Provyns — To the kynge he ys wente
And knelyd vppon ys kne:
'God blyse þe, lord, In thy sale!
Torrent of Portynggale
Thus sendythe me to the;
He praythe yow, yf ye myght,
To harburrow hym thys won nyght,
Yf yowr wiH yt bee.'
The kyng swere be hym, þat dyed on tre:
welcomes Torrent, and — 'There ys no man in crystyante
More welcome to me!'

(78)

The kyng a-Rose and to the gat yod,
Lordes and other knyghtes good,
That were glad of hys commyng.
In to the hale he hyme browght,
feeds him. — Ryche met spare they nowght,
Be-fore Torrent fore to bryng.
'Syr,' sayd the kyng, 'I pray the, f. 91b.
Where be thy men off armys free,
That with the schuld *leng?*'
'Syr, to a lord I mvst Ryde,
Torrent's sword is his only Squire. — My squyer hongythe be my syde,
No man schaH with me wend.'

(79)

'Syr,' seyd the kyng, 'I pray the,
Where schaH thy ded of armys bee,
Yf yt be thy wyH?'

878. *Yf ys wille to Bee* MS. 892. *knyges* MS.
899. *leng*] *wynd* MS.

'*Syr*,' he seyd, 'vttyrly,
At Calabur, sekyrly,
I ame aH Redy ther tyH
With a squyer, *þat* wiH can Ryde;
Fast be the see Sydde
Schuld we pley ow*ur* fyle;
And wot ye wyH and vndyrstond,
Ther schaH no knyght come nere hond
Fore dred of dentt*es* yH.'

Torrent says he has to fight in Calabria.

(80)

The kynge seyd: 'Be godd*es* ore,
I Rede, *þat* *þou* come not tho*re*,
Fore why, I wyH the seye:
Meche folke of that contre
Come hether' for' sokor' of me,
Bothe be nyght and day;
There ys a gyant of gret Renowne,
He dystrowythe bothe sete and towyn
And aH *þat* euyr' he may;
And ase the boke of Rome dothe teH,
He wase get of the deweH of heH,
As hys moder on slepe lay.'

The King of Provyns warns him against the terrible Giant there,

(81)

The kyng Seyd: 'Be seynt Adryan,
I Rede, a nother JentyH mane
Be there and haue the gre:
I haue a dowghttyr, *þat* ys me dere,
Thow schalt here wed to thy fere,
And, yf yt thy wyll be,
Two duchyes in *l*onde
I wille geve here in hande.'

f. 92*a*.

and offers him his Daughter and 2 Duchies instead.

'G*ra*marcy, syr,' sayd he,

915. *kynges* (!) MS. 916. *there* MS.
922. *sete*] second *e* corr. out of *a* MS.
929. *the*] so F. IV; om. MS. *degre* MS.
932. So F. IV; om. (!) MS. 933. *londe*] *honde* F. IV; om. MS.
935. *syr s. h.*] so F. IV; *seyd he thanc* MS.

Torrent says he must keep his troth.

'With my tonge so haue I wrowght,
To breke my day than wiH I nowght,
Nedys me behovythe ther to bee.'

(82)

'In goddes name,' the kyng gane sayne,
'Iesu send the wiH a-geyne,
Lord so mekyH of myghte!'
Menstrelles was them a-monge,
Trompettes, harpys, and myrre songe,
Delycyous nottis on hyght.
When tyme was, to bed they wente;
On the morrow Rose Torrente
And toke leve of kyng and knyght

He starts,

And toke a Redy weyye,
Be a see syd as yt laye,
God send hym gattes Ryght!

(83)

A hye stret hathe he nome,

reaches Calabria,

In to Calabur he ys come
With in days ore III;
Soo come ther folkes hym a-geyne,
Fast folloyng with cart and wayne,
Fro-ward the sytte.
'Dere god!' seyd Torrent nowe,
'Leve folkes, what Eyllythe yow,
Soo fast fore to flee?'

and hears of the Giant.

'There ys a gyante here be-syde,
In ale thys covntre fare and wyde
No mane on lyve levythe hee.' f. 92b.

(84)

'Dere god,' sayd Torrant thane,
'Where schaH I fynd that lothly man?'
Ther they answerd hym anone:

947. *of*] so F. IV; *on* MS. 948. *toke*] so F. IV; *to* MS.
951. *nome*] so F. V; *none* MS. 952. *come*] so F. V; *gone* MS.
958. *yow*] *nowe* add. (!) MS. 964. *lothly*] so Hall.; *lovely* MS.
965. *anone*] so F. V; *a geyne* MS.

'In a castyH be-syd the see,
Slongus, soo hyght hee,
Many a man had he slone.
We wot wiH wher he doth ly : The Giant Slongus is in Hungary;
Be-fore the cyte of Hungry ;
He wiH not thens gone,
TyH he haue the Ryche kyng
To hys presone for to bryngg,
To be lord of hyme self a-lone.'

(85)

Tho wold he no lenger a-byd,
But to the sytte gan he Ryde,
As fast as he myght fare ;
Here barys feH and broke downe, he has broken the City gates,
And the gattes of gret Renowne
Stondyng aH baree.
Men of armys stond hyme a-geyne,
Mo than fyfty had he slayne and slain 50 men.
With gryme woundes and sare.
When Torrent of hym had a syght,
Thowe DesoneH be neuyr so bryght,
He will Reue hym hys chaffar.

(86)

Torrent in the storrope stod
And prayd to god, þat dyed on Rode :
'Lord, ase thow schalt ale wyld at wyle, Torrent prays to Christ for help.
Gyff me grace to wyn the fyld,
That thys *lothly* fynd hym yeld
A-non to me tyH !

968. *slone*] so F. V ; *slaylne* (!) MS.
969. *doth ly*] so F. V ; *ys* MS.
970. *cyte*] so F. V ; *knyghthod* MS. *Hungry*] so F. V ; *Hongrys* MS.
971. *thens*] *thus* MS.
986. *hym*] *m* corr. out of *s*. MS. *chaffer* MS.
990. *wynd* (!) MS. *vndyr nethe spere and schyld* add. (!) MS.
991. *lothly*] om. MS.

A man schaH But onnys Dyee, f. 93a.
I wiH fyght, whiH I may Dryee.'
He mad cher nobyH.
When he had Iesu prayd of grace,
He wyscheyd hyme a batteH plase,
Ther as hym lyst welle.

(87)

Torrent hys spere a-say be-gane,
Bothe schyld and spere than,
That they were sekyr and good.
Torrent blows his horn. Aftyr þat, with in a throwe,
Hys good horne gane he blowe.
The gyant sawe, wher he stodde:
The Giant Slonges of Flonthus staryd than;
Slongus, of Flonthus, Quod Torrent: 'Yf thow be a gentyH man
Or come of gentyH blod,
Let thy beytyng and thy Ermyght be,
And come prove thy strenghe on me,
Therfor I sowght the, be the Rodde.'

(88)

The gyant sayd: 'Be the Roode,
DeweH of heH send the fode,
Hether to seche me:
says he'll wring Torrent's nose. By the nose I schaH the wryng,
Thow berdles gadlyng,
That aH heH schaH thow see!'
The wey than to hym he toke
And on hys bake he bare a croke,
His Crook is 13 ft. long. Wase X fot long and thre;
And thow he neuer so gret war,
Torrent thowght not fare to fare,
TyH wone of them ded bee. f. 93b.

995. *nobill chere* MS. 998. *welle*] *were* MS.
1008. *Let be thy b. a. t. erm.* MS.
1011. *sayd*] written above the line. 1017. *he*] so F. VI; om. MS.
1018. *he*] *her* MS. *eroke*] so F. VI; *creke* (!) MS.
1020. *were* MS.

(89)

Thoo wold Torrent no lenger' byd,
Tyꝉ the theff gan he Ryde, — Torrent charges,
Ase fast ase euyr' he may.
The theff had non ey but on',
Soche sawe I neu*er* none,
*Ne*yther' be nyght *nor* be day.
Thurrow godd*es* helpe and sent Awsden'
The spere *throw ye and herne gan ren.* — pierces the Giant's eye,
God send hym the Ryght wey;
Than the theff be-gane to Rore.
Aꝉ that in' the sytte wore,
Ouyr' the wallys they laye.

(90)

Thow the fynd*es* ey were owte,
Fast he leyd hym a-bowte
Aꝉ þ*a*t somyrr*es* nyght;
He set ys backe to an hyꝉ,
That Torrent schuld not come hym tyꝉ,
So meche þ*a*t theff covd of fyght.
He bled so sore, I vndyrstond,
Hys croke feꝉ owt of hys hond,
Hys dethe to hyme ys dyght.
Torrent to hyme Rane w*ith* a spere, — then spears him thro' the body,
Thurrow the body he gan hym bere,
Thus helpe hym god of myght.

(91)

Aꝉ that in' the sytte were,
Mad fuꝉ nobiꝉ chere,
That thys fynd wase Dedde. — and kills him.

1024. *the*] *f* add. (!) MS.
1028. *Blyther* (!) MS. *nor*] so F. VI; *and* MS.
1030. *throw—ren*] *anon he toke to hym* MS.
1033. *wore*] so F. VI; *were* MS.
1040. *þat*] þ^e add. MS. 1047. *That alle* MS.

Forthe they Ran *with* stavys of tre, f. 94*a*. 1050
Torrent seyd: 'So mvt I the,
Torrent preserves the Giant's head. Kepe hole hys hed!
Yf yt be broke, so god me sped,
Yt ys wyH the worse to lede.'
They dyd ase *he* hem bede, 1055
Mo than thre hunderd on a throng
Yt ys solas Euyr' a-mong
Whan that he was dede.

(92)

The King of Calabria Thaⁿ the kyng of Calaber ayeⁿ hym went,
Torrent be the hond he hent, 1060
To the haH he gaⁿ hym lede
And comaundid squiers *two*,
Of h*ys* harnes for to do
And cloth hymⁿ in another wede.
Waytes on the waH gan blowe, 1065
Knyghtis assemled on a Rowe,
feasts him, And sith to the deyse they yede;
'Sir,' quod the kyng, 'of whens are ye?'
'Of Portingale, sir,' said he,
'I com heder, to sech my d*ede*.' 1070

(93)

FuH curtesly the kyng gan say
To Torrent on the o*pure* day:
'WyH ye wend with me
A lituH here be-side to passe,
There as the Geaunt*es* dwelling was 1075
His man*er* now for to see?'
and takes him to the Giant's Castle. To the casteH gaⁿ they gone,
Richer saw they never none,
Better myght none be.

1054. *lede*] *Rede*, struck out and *lede* added in paler ink.
1055. *That seson they* MS. *he hem*] *hyme* (!) MS. *bede*] *bad* MS.
1057 *put before* 1056 *MS.* 1062. *two*] *tho* MS.
1063. *hys*] *her* MS. 1070. *deth* MS.
1072. *To T.*] *Torrent said* MS.

'Sir,' he said, 'be god aH-myȝt',
For thou hym) slew, þat it dight,
I vouche it saue on the,

The King of Calabria gives Torrent the Giant's castle,

(94)

'I yeve *yt* the, s*ir*, of my *h*ond, f. 91*b*.
And there-to, an erledome of *my* lond, and an Earldom.
For soth, ye shaH it haue;
Omage thou shalte none *nor* ffyne,
But euer more to the and thyne,
Frely, so god me saue!'
Lordys, and ye liston wold,
What was clepud the riche hold: The Castle's name is Cardon.
The casteH of Cardon), *by sawe.*
Two days or thre dwellith he th*a*re
And sith he takythe *leve* to ffare,
Both at knyght and knave.

(95)

By the kyng of P*er*vens he gan gane,
That he had oute *of preson* i-tane
His son vppon a day.
Gentilmen were blith and ffayn),
That he in helth was comyn) agayn),
That they myght with hym) play.
There of herd he, s*er*tayn*le*, Torrent hears that Desonell is to marry a strange King.
That DesoneH wedid shold be
With an vncouth Ray.
And listonyth, lordis, of a chaunce,
Howe he lefte his countenaunce
And takyth hym) armes gay!

1081. *it*] *is* MS.
1083. *yt*] om. MS. *of*] *alle* add. MS. *hond*] *lond* MS.
1084. *my*] om. MS. 1086. *nor*] om. MS.
1091. *by s.*] om. MS. 1092. *there* MS.
1093. *leve*] *the way* MS. 1096. *of preson*] om. MS.
1101. *sertayn* MS. 1103. *vnc.*] *a* add. MS.

(96)

The King of Provyns knights Torrent.

By-fore the kyng he feH on kne :
'Good lord,' he said, 'for charite,
Yeve me order of knyght!
I wott weH, leryd are ye,
My lordys doughter shaH wed be
To a manꝺ off myght.'
'Sir,' he said, 'I trow, she mone
To the prynce off Aragon,
By this day sevynnyght.
Swith,' he seith, 'that this be done,
That thou be there and wynꝺ thy shone,
Gete the armes bryght.'

(97)

Torrent has

Sir Torrent ordenyth hym a sheld,
It was ryche in euery ffeld,
Listonyth, what he bare :

an azure shield with a gold squire on it;

On azure a squier off gold,
Richely bett on mold ;
Listonyth, what he ware :

and a grinning dragon of gold on the crest of his helmet.

A dragonꝺ lying hym be-syde,
His mouth grennyng fuH wyde,
AH ffyghtyng as they were ;
The creste, that on his hede shold stond,
Hit was aH gold shynand,
Thus previd he hymꝺ there.

(98)

Lordys assembelid in sale,
WeH mo than I haue in tale,
Or ellis gret wonder were.

He hears that Desonell's marriage is certain.

There herd *he* teH ffor certanꝺ,
That DesoueH wed shold be thanꝺ,
That was hym selfe ffuH dere.

1110. *ye are leryd* MS. 1111. *be wed* MS.
1115 and 1118 have changed their place in the MS.
1122. *On*] *of* MS. 1134. *he*] *I* MS.

And whan) he herd of that ffare,
Wors tydingis than were thare,
Might he none gladly here . . . . . .

(99)

He wold not in passe,
TiH *at* the myd mete was
The kyng and meny a knyght;
As they satt at theyre *mete* glade,
In at the haH dur *he* rade
In armes ffeyre and bryght, f. 95*b*.
With a squier, that is ffre;
Vp to the lady ryduth he,
That rychely was i-dight.
'Lordys,' he said, 'among you aH
I chalenge thre coursus in the haH,
Or Delyu*er her* me with right!'

Torrent rides into the Hall where Desonell is,

and challenges any one to fight him for her.

(100)

The kyng of Aragon) sett her bye,
And he defendid her nobely:
'I wyH none delyu*er* the.'
His son said: 'So muste I thryve,
There shaH no man just for my wiffe;
But yf youre wyH it be,
For her love did I never no dede,
I shaH to day, so god me spede:
Be-hold and ye shaH se.'
'Alas!' said DesoneH the dere,
'FuH longe may I sitt here,
Or Torrent chalenge me.'

The Prince of Aragon accepts,

(101)

Trumpett*es* blew in the prese,
Lordys stond on *the grese*,
Ladyes lay ou*er* and be-held.

and the lists are made ready.

1141. *at*] om. MS. 1143. *mete*] om. MS.
1144. *he*] *they* MS. 1151. *Delyuer it me* MS.
1165. *the grese*] *rewgis* or *rengis* MS.

Torrent

The prynce and Torrent then
Eyther to other gan ren,
Smertely in that ffeld;
Torrent sett on hym so sore,
That hors and man down he bore,
And all to-sheverd his sheld.
So they tombelid all in ffere,
That afterward of VII yere
The prynce none armes myght weld.

unhorses the Prince of Aragon,

(102)

Torrent said: 'So god me saue,
Other two coursus wyth I haue,
Yf ye do me law of lond.'
Gret lordys stond styth,
They said nether good ne yth
For tynding of his hond.
The prynce of Aragon in they barr'
With lituth worshipp and sydes sare,
He had no fote on ffor to stond.
Thus thes lordys justid aye;
Better *they* had to haue be away,
Suche comffort there he ffond.

f. 96a.

and he is carried indoors.

(103)

He wold not in passe,
At dinner, Tith they at myd mete was,
On the other day at none.
His squiers habite he had,
Whan he to the deyse yad,
With oute couped shone,
Torrent lays Slongus's head on the table. And the hede on the bord he laid:
'Lo, *sir* kyng, hold this,' he said,
'Or ellis wroth we anon!'

1167. *than* MS. 1186. *they*] *he* MS. 1187. *ffound* MS.

They sett stiH at the bord,
None of hem spake one word,
But ryght that he had done.

(104)

Torrent at the syde bord stode:
'Lystonyth, lordynges, gentiH of blood,
For the love of god aH-myght:
The kyng heyght me his doughter dere,
To ffyght with a ffendys ffere,
That wekyd was and wight,
To wed her to my wyffe,
And halffe his kyngdome be his liffe,
And after his days aH his ryght.
Lokyth, lordys, you among,
Whether he do me ryght or wrong!'
Tho waried hym both kyng & knyght.

Torrent proclaims the promise of the King of Portugal to give him Desonell, and half Portugal, if he slew Slongus.

(105)

Tho said the kyng of Aragon, i-wys:
'Torrent, I wiste no thing of thys,
A gret maister arte thou!'
The kyng sware be seynt Gryffen:
'With a sword thou shalte her wynne,
Or thou haue her nowe:
For why, my son to her was wed,
Gret lordys to churche her led,
I take wittnes of aH you.'
'Kyng Calamond, haue good day,
Thou shalt i-bye it, and I may,
To god I make avowe.'

The King of Aragon says his son has wedded Desonell. He will be revenged on the King of Portugal.

(106)

The Emperoure of Rome ther was,
Be-twene thes kynges gan he passe
And said: 'Lordys, as sone,

1198. *They spake nether ylle ne good* add. (!) MS.
1211. *&*] *ky*, struck out, add. MS.
1220. *you alle* MS.

To settle the quarrel,

This squier, that hath brought this hede,
The kyng had wend he had be dede,
And a-venturly gan) he gone:
I rede you take a day of *ryghtes*,
the Emperor suggests a fight between 2 Champions.
And do it vppon) two knyght*es*,
And let no man) be slon)!'
Gret lordys, that were thare,
This talis lovid at that fare
And ordenyd tha*t* anon).

(107)

The King of Aragon sends to the giant Cate

To the kyng *the thoght* com) was,
To send vnto Sathanas
For a geaunt, that hight Cate,
For to make hym) knyght to his hond
And sease hym) in aH his lond;
The messingere toke the gate. f. 97*a*.
Gret othes he sware hym than),
That he shold ffyght but w*ith* one man),
And purvey hym he bad
Iryn stavis two or thre,
to fight Torrent
For to ffyght with Torent ffre,
Though he there of ne w*a*tt.

(108)

Than take counseH kyng and knyght,
On lond that he shold not ffyght,
But ffar oute in the see,
on an island
In an yle long and br*a*d;
A gret payn) there was made,
That holdyn) shold it be.
Yf Cate slow Torent, that ffre ys,
for half Portugal.
Halfe Portyngale shold be his,
To spend with dedys ffre;

1230. *ryghtes*] *Restys* MS. 1232. *slayn* MS.
1235. *that*] *than* MS. 1236. *the thoght* om. MS.
1247. *wott* MS. 1248. *couns.*] *of* add. MS.
1251. *brod* MS.

And yf *sir* Torrent myght hym ou*er*-com̃,
He shold haue halfe Aragon̄,
Was better than suche thre. [1260]

(109)

The Gyaunt shipped in a while 1260 The Giant Cate comes to an Island.
And sett hym̃ oute in an yle,
That was grow both grene and gay.
Sir Torrent com̃ prekand on a stede,
Richely armed in his wede;
'Lordyngys,' gan he say, 1265
'It is semely ffor a knyght,
Vppon a stede ffor to ffyght.'
They said sone: 'Nay,
He is so hevy, he can not ryde. [1270]
Torrent said: 'EviH mut he be-tyde, 1270
Falshode, woo worth it aye!'

(110)

'Sir, takyth houseH and shrefte!' f. 97*b*.
To god he did his hondys lifte,
And thankid hym of his sond:
'Iesu Cryste, I the praye, 1275 Torrent prays for Christ's help,
Send me myght and strengith this day
A-yen̄ the ffend to stond!'
To the shipp *sir* Torent went,
With the grace, god had hym sent, [1280]
That was never ffayland; 1280
AH the lordys of that contre,
Frome Rome vnto the Grekys se,
Stode and be-held on lond.

(111)

Whan *sir* Torrent in to the He was brought, and lands in the Island too.
The shipmen̄ lenger wold tary nought, 1285
But hied hem sone ageyn̄;

1278. This line begins with a big initial letter. *Torent*] *yode*, struck out, add. MS. 1283. *On lond stode and be held* MS.

The Giant
The Giaunt said: 'So must I the,
Sir, thou art welcom to me,
Thy deth is not to layn̄!' [1290]

knocks Torrent's staff out of his hand,
The ffirste stroke to hym he yaue, 1290
Oute of his hand flew his staff:
That thefe was fuH fayn̄.
Tho *sir* Torent went nere Cate, ...
He thought, he wold hym̄ haue slayn̄.

(112)

The theff couth no better wonne, 1295

and runs into the sea.
In to the see rennyth he sone,
As faste as he myght ffare.
Sir Torrent gaderid cobled stonys, [1300]
Good and handsom ffor the nonys,
That good and round *ware*; 1300

Torrent shies cobble-stones at him,
Meny of them to hym̄ he caste,
He threw stonys on hym so faste,
That he was sad and *sare*.

kills him,
To the ground he did hym feH, f. 98*a*.
Men̄ myght here the fend yeH 1305
Halfe a myle and m*are*.

(113)

Sir Torent said, as he was wonne,
He thankid I*esu*, Maryes son̄, [1310]
That kyng, that sent hym my;t';
He said: 'Lordys, for charite, 1310
A bote that ye send to me,
It is nere hand nyght!'
They Reysed a gale w*ith* a sayH,

and he is towd ashore.
The Geaunt to lond for to trayH,
AH men wonderid on that wight. 1315
Whan that they had so done,

Torrent is shipt to the mainland.
They went to *sir* Torent fuH sone
And shipped that comly knyght. [1320]

1298. *gad.*] *good* add. MS.
1300. *were* MS. 1303. *sore* MS. 1306. *more* MS.

(114)

The emperoure of Rome was there,
The kynges of Pervens and of Calabere yare,
And other two or thre.
They yaue *sir* Torent, that he wan,
Both the Erth and the woman),
And said, weH worthy was he.
Sir Torent had in Aragon)
The riche Cite of Cargon)
And aH that riche contre;
Archbeshoppes, as the law feH,
Departid the prynce and DissoneH
With gret solempnite.

Torrent is awarded Desonell, territory,

and the City of Cargon.

Desonell is divorst from the Prince of Aragon.

(115)

For *sir* Torent the fend did faH,
Gret lordys honoured hym) aH
And for a doughty knyght hym) tase;
The kyng said: 'I vnderstond,
Thou hast fought ffor my doughter & my lond,
And weH wonne her thou hase.'
He gaue to *saint* Nycholas de Barr)
A grett Erldome and a *si*marr)
That abbey of hym *tas*
For Iesus love, moch of myght,
That hym helpith day & nyght,
Whan) he to the batteH *gas*.

f. 98*b*.

The King of Portugal acknowledges Torrent,

(116)

Lordys than) at the laste,
Echone on theyre way paste,
And euery man) to his.
The quene of Portingale was ffayn),
That *sir* Torent was com agayn)
And thankyd god of this.

and the Queen is glad.

1320. *The kynges*] om. MS.
1321. *other*] *kynges* add. MS. *or*] *the* add. MS.
1337. *saint*] *sir* MS. 1338. *simarre*] *marr* MS.
1339. *tas*] *redith* MS. 1342. *gas*] *yode* MS.

The King of Portugal bids Torrent

Than said the kyng: 'I vnderstond,
Thou hast fought for my doughter & my lond, 1350
And art my ward, i-wys,
And I wyƚƚ not ageyn) the say;

wait 6 months and a day for Desonell.

But abyde halfe yere and a day,
And broke her weƚƚ with blis!'

(117)

Torent said: 'So muste I the, 1355
Sith it wyƚƚ no better be,
I cord with that assent!'
After mete, as I you teƚƚ, [1360]
To speke with mayden) Desoneƚƚ,

Torrent

To her chamber he went. 1360
The damyseƚƚ so moche of pride
Set hym on) her bed-syde,
And said: 'Welcom), verament!'
Such gestenyng he a-right,

passes a night with Desonell.

That there he dwellid aƚƚ nyȝt 1365
With that lady gent. f. 99a.

(118)

Sir Torent dwellid thare
Twelffe wekys and mare, [1370]
Tiƚƚ letters com hym tiƚƚ

The King of Norway begs

Fro the kyng of Norway; 1370
For Iesus love he did hym praye,
Yf it were his wyƚƚ,

him to come and fight a Giant there.

He shold com as a doughty knyght,
With a Geaunt for to ffyght,
That wyƚƚ his londys spyƚƚ; 1375
He wold hym yeve his doughter dere
And halfe Norway ffar and nere,
Both be hold and be hyƚƚ. [1380]

(119)

Sir Torent said: 'So god me saue, Torrent
I-nough to lyve vppon I haue,
I wyH desire no more;
But it be, for Iesu is sake
A poynt of armes for to take,
That hath helpid me be-ffore.
I yeve the here oute of my hond
To thy doughter aH my lond, gives all his land to the King for Desonell;
Yf that I end thore.'
And whan he toke his way to passe,
Mo than ffyfty with hym was,
That fals to hym wore.

(120)

Syr Torent to the lady went,
FuH curtesly and gent: . . . . .
'DesoneH, haue good day!
I muste now on my jurnay,
A kyngis lond for to fend.
Thes gold ryng*es* I shaH yeve the, leaves 2 gold rings with her,
Kepe *them* weH, my lady ffre,
Yf god a child vs send!'
She toke the ryngis with moche care, f. 99*b*.
Thries in sownyng feH she thare,
Whan she saw, that he wold wend.

(121)

Shipp and takyH they dight, and goes on board ship with his steed and armour.
Stede and armo*ur* ffor to ffyght
To the bote they bare.
Gentilmen, that were hend,
Toke her leve at theyre frend,
With hym ffor to fare.

1387. *there* MS. 1390. *were* MS. 1393. *Denoselle* MS.
1397. *them*] om. MS.

Kyng Colomond, is not to layn, [1410]
He wold, that he cam nev*ur*e agayn;
There fore god yeff hym care! 1410
So within the ffyfty dayes
Torrent gets to Norway. He Come in to the lond of Norways,
Hard Contre ffound he thare.

(122)

Thus *sir* Torrent, for soth, is fare,
A noble wynd droffe hym thare, 1415
Was blowyng oute of the weste.
Of the Coste of Norway they had a sight . . . [1419]
Of sayling they were aH preste.
So ffeyre a wynd had the knyght,
A lituH be-ffore the mydnyght 1420
He Rode be a foreste.
The shipmen tell him of a Giant. The shipmen said: 'We be shent;
Here dwellith a geaunt, verament,
On his lond are we *kest!*'

(123)

The maistershipmon said: 'Nowe 1425
I Rede, we take down sayle & Rowe,
While we haue this tyde. [1430]
Sir,' he said, 'be god aHmyght,
The giant lieth euery nyght
On the mowntayn here be-syde; 1430
My lord the kyng wyH not ffyght, f. 100*a*.
TiH he of you haue a sight,
On you ys aH his pryde!'
Torrent resolves to land. Sir Torrent said: 'Here my hond!
Sith we be ryven on this lond, 1435
To nyght wyH I ryde.'

1424. *kest*] *sett* MS. 1425. *maistershipmen* MS.
1429. *lieth*] *here* add. MS. 1434. *Torerent* MS.

(124)

Sir Torent armyd hym anon [1440] Torrent and his knights arm.
And his knyghtes euerychone
With sheld and spere in hond.
The shipmen said: 'As mut I thryve, 1440
I Rede, that euery man other shryve,
Or that we go to the lond.'
Sir Torent said: 'As god me spede,
We wiH firste se that ffede,
My lord was never failand! 1445
Gentilmen, make chere good,
For Iesu love, that died on Rood, [1450]
He wiH be oure waraunt!'

(125)

In a forest can they passe, They reach the Forest of B asill.
Of BrasiH, saith the boke, it was, 1450
With bowes brod and wyde.
Lyons and berys there they ffand
And wyld bestes aboute goand,
Reysing on euery side.
Thes men of armes, with trayn 1455 The coward knights flee to the ship,
To the shipp they flew agayn
In to the see at that tyde; [1460]
Fast from land row they be-gan,
A-bove they left that gentilman, and leave Torrent alone.
With wyld beestis to haue kyde. 1460

(126)

The shipmen of the same lond
Ryved vp, I vnderstond,
In another lond off hold. f. 100b.
To the chamber they toke the way, False tales of Torrent are told to the King of Norway.
There the kyng hym selfe lay, 1465
And fals talis hym told . . . . . .

1445. *fleand* MS. 1446. *make*] *made* MS.
1451. *bowes*] *browes* MS. 1452. *ffound* MS.
1460. *k* corrected out of *r*. 1465 put before 1464 MS.

For he wold not the geaunt abyde,
For aH this contrey feyre and wyde,
Thouȝ he yeff it hym wold.

(127)

'Sir kyng, ye haue youre selfe
Erlis *doughty be* teⁿ or twelfe,
Better know I none:
Send youre messingeris ffar and wyde,
For to ffeH the geaunt*es* pride,
That youre doughter hath tane.'

The King of Norway wants Torrent to come.

'I had lever to haue that knyght;
With hymⁿ is grace of god aHmyȝtⁱ,
To be here at his bane.'
FuH lituH wist that riche kyng
Of *sir* Torrent*es* ryding
In the forest aH alone.

(128)

Thorouȝ helpe of god that *with* hym was,
Fro the wyld bestis ganⁿ he passe
To an hye hyH.
A lituH while be-fore the day
He herd in a valey
A dynnyng and a yeH.

Torrent rides up to 2 Dragons.

Theder thanⁿ riduth he,
To loke, what thing it myȝt be,
What adventure tha*re* be-feH.
It were two dragons stiff and strong,
Vpponⁿ theyre lay they sat and song,
Be-side a depe weH.

(129)

Sir Torent said thanne
To god, that made manⁿ f. 101*a*.
And died vpponⁿ a tree:

1471. *doughty be*] om. MS.
1476. *that*] *ky*, struck out, add. MS.
1490. *thare*] *that* MS.

'Lord, as thou mayst aH weld,
Yeve me grace, to wynꝺ the feld
  Of thes ffendys on*fre*!'
Whan he had his p*r*ayers made,
Pertely to hemꝺ he Rade
  And one thorou3 oute bare he.
Thus sped the knyght at his comyng
Thorough the helpe of hevynꝺ kyng:
  Lord, lovid muste thou be!

Torrent prays to Christ,

spears the first Dragon;

(130)

The other dragon wold not flee, ...
  But sho*w*ith aH his myght;
He smote ffire, that lothely thing,
As it were the lightnyng,
  Vppon) that comly knyght.
There fore s*ir* Torent wold not lett,
But on) the dragon) fast' he bett
  And over-come that foule wight.
Tho anon the day sprong,
Fowles Rose, mery they song,
  The sonne a-Rose on hy3*t*.

and then kills the second.

(131)

Torent of the day was fuH blithe,
And of the valey he did hynꝺ swith,
  As fast as euer he may.
To a mowntayn) he rode ryght,
Of a casteH he had a sight
  With towrys hy3e and gay . . . . . .
He come in to an hy3e strete,
Few folke gan) he mete,
  To wis hynꝺ the way.

He sees a Castle.

1499. *onfre*] *ontrewe* MS. 1502. *he bare* MS.
1507. *shotith* MS. 1516. *hy3e* MS.
1525. *wish* MS.

(132)

Torrent rides to the Norse Giant's castle gates.

To the gatys tho he Rade;
FuH craftely they were made f. 101b.
Of Irun and eke of tree. [1531]
One tre stonding there he ffond:
Nyne oxen of that lond 1530
Shold not drawe the tre.
The Giaunt wrought vp his waH
And laid stonys gret and smaH:
A lothely man was he.
'Now,' quod Torrent, 'I not, whare, 1535
My squiers be ffro me to fare,
Euer waried they be! [1540]

(133)

He considers what he shall do,

'Lord god, what is beste,
So Iesu me helpe, Est or Weste,
I Can not Rede to *say*. 1540
Yf I to the shipp fare,
No shipmen ffynd *I* thare;
It is long, sith they were away.
Other wayes yf I wend,
Wyld bestis wyH me shend: 1545
Falshede, woo worth it aye!

and resolves to fight.

I ffyght here, Iesu, for thy sake; [1560]
Lord, to me kepe thou take,
As thou best may!'

(134)

Down light this gentiH knyght, 1550
To Rest hym a lituH wight,
And vnbrydelid his stede

He baits his steed.

And let hym bayte on the ground,
And aventid hym in that stound,
There of he had gret nede. 1555

1526. *rode* MS. 1529. *ffound* MS. 1532. *welle* MS.
1535. *wot* MS. 1537. *they*] *thou* MS. 1540. *say*] *done* MS.
1542. *And no* MS. *I*] om. MS. 1553. *bayte*] *hym* add. MS.

The Gyaunt yode and gaderid stone
And sye, where the knyght gan gone, [1570]
AH armed in dede; f. 102*a*.
And wot ye weH and not wene,
Whan eyther of hem had other sene, 1560
Smertely *they* rerid her dede.

The Norse Giant prepares to fight.

(135)

For that *sir* Torent had hym sene,
He worth vppon his stede, I wene,
And Iesu prayde he tiH:
'Mary son, thou here my bone, 1565
As I am in venturus stad come,
My jurnay *to* fuH-ffyH!' [1580]
A voys was fro hevyn sent
And said: 'Be blith, *sir* Torent,
And yeve the no thing yH, 1570
To ffyght with my lordys enemy:
Whether that thou lyve or dye,
Thy mede the quyte he wyH!'

Torrent prays to Christ,

and is cheerd by a voice from Heaven.

(136)

Be that the giaunt had hym dight,
Cam ageyn that gentiH knyght, 1575
As bold as eny bore;
He bare on his nek a croke, [1590]
Woo were the man, that he ouertoke,
It was twelfe ffote and more.
'Sir,' he said, 'ffor charite, 1580
Loke, curtes man that thou be,
Yf thy wyH ware:
I haue so fought aH this nyght
With thy II dragons wekyd and wight,
They haue bett me fuH sore.' 1585

The Giant advances against Torrent.

1561. *they*] om. MS. 1566. *sad* MS. 1567. *to*] *than* MS.
1573. *He wylle quyte the thy mede* MS.

(137)

The Giant says he'll punish

The Geaunt said: 'Be my fay,
Wors tydinges to me this day [1600]
I myght not goodly here.
Thorough the valey as thou cam,

Torrent for killing his 2 Dragons

My two dragons hast thou slan, 1590
My solempnite they were. f. 102b.

and his Brother Cate.

To the I haue fuH good gate;
For thou slow my brother Cate,
That thou shalte by fuH dere!'
Be-twene the giaunt and the knyght 1595
Men myght se buffettes right,
Who so had be there. [1610]

(138)

Sir Torent yaue to hym a brayd;
He levid that the aungeH said,
Of deth yaue he nought. 1600
In to the brest he hym bare,
His spere hede lefte he thare,
So evilH was hitt bythought.

The Giant's crook cuts through Torrent's shield to his flesh,

The Giaunt hym ayen smate
Thorough his sheld and his plate, 1605
In to the flesh it sought;
And sith he pullith at his croke, [1620]

and sticks there.

So fast in to the flesh it toke,
That oute myȝt he gete it nought.

(139)

On hym he hath it broke, 1610
Glad pluckys there he toke,
Set sadly and sare.

1590. *slayne* MS. 1600. *nought*] *no dynt* MS.
1603. *byth.*] *mynt* MS.
1612. *sore* MS.

Sir Torent stalworth satt,
Oute of his handys he it gatt,
No lenger dwellid he thare.
In to the water he cast his sheld,
Croke and aH to-geders it held,
Fare after, how so euer it ffare.
The Geaunt folowid with aH his mayn),
And he come never quyk agayn):
God wold, that so it ware.

Torrent throws his shield and the Giant's crook into the water.

The Giant goes in after them and is drowned.

(140)

Sir Torent bet hym) there,
TiH that this fend did were,
Or he thens wend.
On hym had he hurt but ane,
Lesse myght be a mann*us* bane,
But god is fuH hend:
Thorough grace of hym, that aH shaH weld,
There the knyght had the feld,
Such grace god did hym) send.
Be than it nyed nere hand ny3t,
To a casteH he Rode right,
AH nyght there to lend.

f. 103*a*.

Torrent rides to the Giant's castle,

(141)

In the casteH found he nought,
That god on the Rode bought;
High vppon) a toure,
As he caste a side lokyng,
He saw a lady in her bed syttyng,
White as lylye ffloure;
Vp a-Rose that lady bryght,
And said: 'Welcom), *sir* knyght,
That fast art in stoure!'

and finds a fair Lady there.

1615. *there* MS. 1626. *But lesse* MS.

'DamyseH, welcom mut thou be!
Torrent asks for a night's lodging. Graunt thou me, for charite,
Of one nyghtis soioure!' 1645

(142)

'By Mary,' said that lady clere,
'Me for-thinkith, that thou com here, [1660]
The Lady says the Giant Weraunt will kill him. Thy deth now is dight;
For here dwellith a geaunt,
He is clepud Weraunt, 1650
He is *to* the deviH be-taught.
To day at morn he toke his croke,
Forth at the yat*es* the way he toke,
And said, he wold haue a draught; f. 103*b*.
And here be chambers two or thre, 1655
In one of hem I shaH hide the,
God the saue ffrome harmes right!' [1670]

(143)

'Certayn,' tho said the knyght,
'That theffe I saw to nyght,
Here be-side a sla*de*. 1660
Torrent tells her to He was a ferly freke in ffyght,
With hym faught a yong knyght,
Ech on other laid good l*a*de;
Me thought weH, as he stode,
He was of the fend*us* blood, 1665
So Rude was he made.
Dame, yf thou leve not me, [1680]
come and see the Giant. Com nere, and thou shalt se,
Which of hem ab*a*de.'

(144)

Blith was that lady bryght 1670
For to se that *selly* sight:
With the knyght went she.

1645. *socoure* MS. 1650. *Weraunt*] *weraumt* (?) MS.
1651. *to*] *of* MS. 1660. *slate* or *flate* MS. 1663. *lode* MS.
1669. *abode* MS. 1671. *selly*] om. MS.

Whan she cam, where the Geaunt lay,
'Sir,' she said, 'parmaffay
I wott weH, it is he.
Other he was of god aH-myght
Or seynt George, oure lady knyȝt,
That there his bane hath be.
Yf eny cryston) man smyte hym down),
He is worthy to haue renown)
Thorough oute aH crystiaunte.'

The Norwegian Princess sees the Giant's corpse,

and praises his slayer.

(145)

'I haue wonder,' said the knyght,
'How he gate the, lady bryght,
Fro my lord the kyng.'
'Sir,' she said, 'verament,
As my fader on huntyng went
Erly in a mornyng,
Fore his men pursued a dere,
To his casteH, that stondith here,
That doth my hondys wryng,
This Giaunt hym toke, wo he be!
For his love he gevith hym) me,
He wold none other thinge.'

f. 104*a*.

She tells Torrent that her Father gave her, as his ransom, to the Giant.

(146)

Forth she brought bred and wyne,
Fayn) he was for to dyne . . . . . .
This knyght made noble chere,
Though that he woundid were
With the Geaunt strong.

(147)

Sir Torrent dwellid no lenger thare,
Than) he myȝt away fare
With that lady bryght.

Torrent takes her away.

1688. *For* MS.

Torrent longs for Desonell.

'Now, Iesu, that made heH,
Send me on lyve to DesoneH,
That I my trouth to plight!'
Tho sye they be a forest syde
Men) of armes ffaste ride
On coursers comly dight.
The lady said: 'So mvst I thee,
It is my fader, is com for me,
With the Geaunt to ffyght.'

The Norwegian Princess sees her Father.

(148)

An harood said anon) right:
'Yon I se an armed knyght,
And no squier, but hym) one:
He is so *big* of bone & blood,
He is the Geaunt, be the Rode!'
Som) seith, he riduth vppon).
'Nay,' said the kyng, 'verament,
It is the knyght, that I after sent,

Torrent is recognised

I thanke god and seynt Iohn̄,
For the Geaunt slayn) hath he
And wonne my doughter, weH is me!
AH his men are *at*one!'

(149)

Wott ye weH, with Ioy and blis
Sir Torent there recevid ys,
As doughty man) of dede.
The kyng and other lordys gent
Said, 'Welcom), *sir* Torent,
In to this vncouth *thede!*'
In to a state they hym) brought,
Lechis sone his woundis sought;
They said, so god hem spede,

and welcomd by the King of Norway.

His wounds are drest.

1714. *big*] *long* MS. 1722. *at.*] *tane* MS.
1728. *thede*] *lond* MS.

Were there no lyve but ane,
His liffe they wyH not vndertane,
For no gold ne ffor mede.

(150)

The lady wist not or than, 1735 The Princess
That he was hurt, that gentilman,
And sith she went hym tyH; [1840]
She sought his wound*us* and said thare:
'Thou shalte lyve and welfare,
Yf the no-thing evyH! 1740
My lord the kyng hath me hight, claims Torrent as her husband.
That thou shalt wed me, *sir* knyght,
The fforward ye to fulle ffyH.'
'DamyseH, loo here my hond:
And I take eny wyffe in this lond, 1745
It shaH be at thy wyH!'

(151)

Gendres was that ladyes name. [1850] Her name is Gendres.
The Geaunt*es* hede he brought hame,
And the dragons *he brought.* f. 105*a*.
Mene myght here a myle aboute, 1750
How on the dede hedys they did shoute,
For the shame, that they hem wrought,
Both with dede and with tong
Fyfte on the hedys dong,
That to the ground they sought. 1755
Sir Torrent dwellid thare Torrent stays 12 months in Norway.
Twelfe monythis and mare, [1860]
That ffurther myȝt he nought.

(152)

The kyng of Norway said: 'Nowe,
Fals thevis, woo worth you, 1760
Ferly soteH were ye:

1749. *he br.*] *also* MS. 1752. *they*] *had* add. MS.

Ye said, the knyght wold not com̃:
Swith oute of my kyngdome,
Or hangid shaH ye be!'

The King of Norway sends Torrent's false Squires to sea,

His squiers, that fro hym̃ fled,
With sore strokys are they spred
Vppon the wanne see,

where all drown, save one.

And there they drenchid euery man̄,
Saue one knave, that to lond cam̃,
And woo be-gone is he.

(153)

The child, to lond that god sent,
In Portyngale he is lent,
In a riche town̄,
That hat*h* hight be her day,
And euer shaH, as I you say,
The town̄ of Peron̄.

He takes the news to the King of Portugal,

By-fore the kyng he hym sett,
'FuH weH thy men̄, lord, the grett,
And in the see *did* they drown.'
DesoneH said: 'Where is Torent?'

and tells Desonell that Torrent is in Norway.

'In Norway, lady, verament.' f. 105*b*.
On sownyng feH she down̄.

(154)

She swoons, and folk see she is big with child.

As she sownyd, this lady myld,
Men myȝt se tokenyng of her child,
Steryng on̄ her right syde.
Gret Ruth it was to teH,
How her maydens on̄ her feH,
Her to Couer and to hide.
Tho the kyng said: 'My doughter, do way!
By god, thy myrth is gone for aye,
Spousage wyH thou none *bide*!

1774. *hatt* (!) MS. 1778. *the*] *they* MS.
1779. *did*] *are* MS. *drowned* MS.
1791. *bide*] *lede* MS.

There fore thou shalt in to the see
And that Bastard with-in the,
To lerne you ffor to ride.'

The King of Portugal declares he'll send Desonell and her Bastard to sea.

(155)

Erlis and Barons, that were good,
By-fore the kyng knelid and stode
For that lady free.
The quene, her moder, on knees feH,
'For Iesu is love, that harood heH,
Lord, haue mercy on me!
That ylke dede, that she hath done,
It was with an Erlis sonne,
Riche man i-nough is he;
And yf ye wyH not let her lyve,
Right of lond ye her yeve,
TiH she delyuerd be!'

His Earls and the Queen pray for mercy for Desonell.

(156)

Thus the lady dwellith there,
Tyll that she delyuerd were
Of men children two;
In all poyntes they were gent,
And like they were to sir Torent;
For his love they sufferid woo.
The kyng said: 'So mut I thee,
Thou shalte in-to the see
With oute wordys moo.
Euery kyngis doughter ffer and nere,
At the shaH they lere,
Ayen the law to do.'

She is delivered of 2 male children like Torrent. f. 106a. Her Father says she shall be sent out to sea.

(157)

Gret ruth it was to se,
Whan they led that lady ffree
Oute of her faders lond.

She is led from his land.

1807. *Thus the*] so F. VII; *This* MS.
1808. *Tyll*] so F. VII; om. MS.
1810. *all*] so F. VII; om. MS.

The Queen bewails her daughter's fate.

The quene wexid tho nere wood
For her doughter, that gentiH ffode,
And knyghtis stode wepand;
A cloth of silke gan they ta
And p*ar*tyd it be-twene hem twa,
Therin they were wonde.

Desonell is sent to sea.

Whan) they had shypped that lady y*ing*, [1930]
An hunderid feH in sownyng
At Peron) on) the sond.

(158)

Whan that lady was downe fall,
On Iesu Cryste dyd she call;
Down) knelid that lady cle*ne*:

She prays to Christ for her children.

'Rightfull god, ye me sende
Some good londe, on to lende,
That my chyldren may crystonyd bene!'
She said, 'Knyghtis and ladyes gent,
Grete weH my lord, s*ir* Torrent,
Yeff ye hym) euer sene!'
The wynd Rose ayen) the nyght,
Fro lond it blew that lady bryght [1941]
Vppon the see so grene.

(159)

Wyndes and weders haue her drevyn),
Þat in a forest she is revyn),
There wyld beestis were;

She and they reach land.

The see was eb, and went her ffroo,
And lefte her and her children) two f. 106*b*.
Alone with-oute ffere.

1827. so F. VII; om. MS.
1828. *had sh.*] so F. VII; *clepud* MS. *yeng* MS.
1831 f.] so F. VII; om. MS.
1833. *elene*] *elere* MS.
1834 f.] so F. VII; *Iesu Cryste, that com vp here*
On this strond, as I wenyd MS.
1836. *my ch.*] so F. VII; *we* MS.
1844. *forest*] so F. VII; *ftrest* MS. *she is*] so F. VII; *be they* MS.

Her one child woke and be-gan̄ to wepe,
The lady a-woke oute of her slepe
And said: 'Be stiH, my dere, [1951] Desonell stills her crying child,
Iesu Cryst hath sent vs lond;
Yf there be any cryston man̄ nere hond,
We shaH haue som socoure here.'

(160)

The carefuH lady was fuH blith,
Vp to lond she went swith,
As fast as euer she myght.
Tho the day be-gan̄ to spryng,
Foules a-Rose and mery gan syng
Delicious notys on̄ hight.
To a mowntayn went that lady ffree: [1961] goes up a mountain,
Sone was she warn̄ of a Cite
With towrus ffeyre and bryght.
There fore, i-wys, she was fuH fayn̄,
She sett her down̄, as I herd sayn̄,
Her two children̄ ffor to dight.

(161)

Vppon̄ the low the lady ffound and finds an Arbour there.
An Erber wrought *with* manna hond,
With herbis, that were good.
A Grype was in̄ the mowntayn̄ wonne,
A way he bare her yong son̄ [1971] A Griffin carries off one of her boys.
Ouer a water fflood,
Over in to a wyldernes,
There seynt Antony ermet wes,
There as his chapeH stode.
The other child down̄ gan̄ she ly, She puts the other down,
And on the ffoule did shoute & crye, f. 107a.
That she was nere hond wood.

1874. *was* MS. 1876. *ly*] *lay* MS.

(162)

Vp she rose ageyn the rough,
and sorrows. With sorofuH hert and care Inough, 1880
CarefuH of blood and bone . . . . . [1981]
She sye, it myght no better be,
She knelid down vppon her kne,
And thankid god and seynt Iohn.

(163)

A leopard takes her other boy away. There come a libard vppon his pray, 1885
And her other child bare away,
She thankid god there
And his moder Mary bryght.
This lady is lefte alone ryght:
The sorow she made there 1890

(164)

That she myght no further ffare: [1991]
'Of one poynt,' *she sayd*, 'is my care,
As I do now vnderstond,
So my children crystenyd were,
Though they be with beest*es* there, 1895
Theyre liffe is in godd*us* hond.'
The King of Jerusalem sees the leopard and child. The kyng of Ierusalem had bene
At his brothers weddyng, I wene,
That was lord of aH that lond.
As he com homward on his way, 1900
He saw where the liberd lay [2001]
With a child pleyand.

(165)

Torrent had yeve *her* ring*es* two,
Each child has one of Torrent's rings. And euery child had one of tho,
Hym with aH to saue. 1905

1892. *she s.*] om. MS. 1903. *her*] *his lady* MS.

The kyng said: 'Be Mary myld,
Yonder is a liberd *with* a child,
A mayden or a knave.'
Tho men of armes theder went, f. 107*b*. The King's men
Anon they had theyre hors spent, 1910
Her guttys oute she Rave. [2011]
For no stroke wold she stynt;
TiH they her slew *with* speris dynt, kill the Leopard,
The child myght they not haue.

(166)

Vp they toke the child *ying* 1915 and take the Child to the King,
And brought it be-ffore the kyng
And vndid the swathing band,
As his moder be-ffore had done,
A gold ryng they ffound sone,
Was closud in his hond. 1920
Tho said the kyng of Ierusalem: [2021]
'This child is come of gentiH teme,
Where euer this beest hym ffond.
The boke of Rome berith wytnes,
The kyng hym namyd Leobertus, 1925 who christens him 'Leobertus,'
That was hent in hethym lond.

(167)

Two squiers to the town gan flyng,
And a noryse to the child did bryng,
Hym to kepe ffrome greme.
He led it in to his own lond 1930 and takes him to Jerusalem.
And told the quene, how he it ffond [2031]
By a water streme.
Whan the lady saw the ryng,
She said, with-oute lettyng:
'This child is com of gentiH teme: 1935

1915. *yong* MS. 1923. *ffound* MS.
1929. *grame* MS.

Thou hast none heyre, thy lond to take,
For Ie*s*u love thou *sh*oldist hym̃ make
Prynce of Ierusalem̃.'

(168)

Now, in boke as we rede,
St. Anthony — As seynt Antony aboute yede, 1940
Byddyng his orysoun̄, [2041]
sees the Griffin — Of the gripe he had a sight, f. 108*a*.
How she flew in a fflight,
To her birdus was she boun̄.
and Desonell's first boy, — Be-twene her clawes she bare a child : 1945
He prayed to god and Mary myld,
On lyve to send it down̄.
That man was weH with god aH-myȝt,
whom the bird lays at his feet. — At his fote gan̄ she light,
That foule of gret renown̄. 1950

(169)

Vp he toke the child there, [2051]
To his auter he did it bere,
There his chapeH stode.
A knave child there he ffond,
There was closud in his hond 1955
A gold ryng riche and good.
St. Antony takes the boy to his Father, the King of Greece. — He bare it to the Cite grett,
There the kyng his fader *s*ett
As a lord of jentiH blood,
For he wold saue it ffro dede; 1960
A grype flew a-bove his hede [2061]
And cryed, as he were wood.

(170)

This holy man̄ hied hym̃ tyte
To a Cite w*ith* touris white,
As fast as he may. 1965

1937. *woldist* MS. 1951. *thare* MS.
1954. *found* MS. 1958. *sett*] *lett* MS.

The kyng at the yate stode — The King sees
And other knyghtes and lordys good
To se the squiers play.
The kyng said: 'Be Mary myld,
Yonder comyth Antony, my child, — 1970 — his son Antony,
With a gryffon gay. — [2071]
Som of his byrdus take hath he,
And bryngith hem heder to me!'
Gret ferly had thaye.

(171)

The kyng there of toke good hede, — f. 108b. — 1975
And a-geyn his sonne he yede
And said: 'Welcom ye be!'
'Fader,' he said, 'god you saue!
A knave child ffound I haue,
Loke, that it be dere to the! — 1980 — who asks him to adopt Desonell's boy as
Frome a greffon he was refte, — [2081]
Of what lond that he is lefte,
Of gentiH blood was he:
Thou hast none heyre, thy lond to take,
For Iesu love thy sonne hym make, — 1985 — his heir.
As in the stede of me!'

(172)

The kyng said: 'Yf I may lyve, — The King of Greece agrees,
Helpe and hold I shaH hym yeve
And receyve hym as my son.
Sith thou hast this lond forsake, — 1990
My riche londys I shaH hym take, — [2091]
Whan he kepe them con.'
To a ffont they hym yaue, — and has the Boy baptized.
And crystonyd this yong knave;
Fro care he is wonne. — 1995

1992. *can* MS.

The Boy is christend Antony Fitzgriffin.

The holy man yaue hym̃ name,
That Iesu shild hym̃ ffrome shame:
Antony fice greffoun̄.

(173)

'Fader, tham̃ haue thou this ryng,
I ffound it on̄ this swete thing,
Kepe it, yf thou may:
It is good in euery *f*ight,
Yf god yeve grace, that he be knyght,
Be nyght *and* be day.'
Let we now this children̄ dweH,
And speke we more of DesoneH:

Desonell laments,

Her song was welaway. f. 109*a*.
God, that died vppon̄ the Rode,
Yff grace, that she mete w*ith* good!
Thus disparꝑlid are thay.

(174)

wanders among wild beasts,

This lady walkyd aH alone
Amonge wyld bestis meny one,
Ne wanted she no Woo;
Anon̄ the day be-gan to spryng,
And the ffoules gan to syng,
With blis on euery bowȝe . . . . . .

(175)

'Byrdus and bestis, aye woo ye be!
Alone ye haue lefte me,

and bewails her lost children.

My children̄ ye *have* slo*ne*.'
As she walkid tham̃ a-lone,
She sye lordis on̄ huntyng gone,
Nere hem̃ she yede fuH sone.

2002. *fight*] *sight* MS. ?
2004. *Other be* MS. *and*] *or forme of* (!) MS.
2010. *disparlid* MS. 2018. *haue*] *a* corrected out of *e* MS.
2019. *have sl.*] *slough* MS.

This carfuH lady cried faste,
Than she herd this hornes blaste
By the yatis gone,
But *ran* in to a wildernes,
Amongist beests that wyld wes,
For drede, she shold be slone.

Desonell flees from some hunters

(176)

TiH it were vnder of the Day,
She went *fro* that wilsom) way,
In to a lond playn).
The kyng of Nazareth huntid there,
Among the hertes, that gentiH were;
There of she was fuH ffayn) . . . . . .

into the land of Nazareth.

(177)

They had ferly, kyng and knyght,
Whens she come, that lady bryght,
Dwelling here a-lone.
She said to a squier, that there stode:
'Who is lord of most jentiH blood?'
And he answerid her anon): f. 109*b*.
'This ys the lond of Nazareth,
Se, where the kyng gethe,
Of speche he is ffuH bone;
AH in gold couerid is he.'
'Gramercy, *sir*,' said she,
And nere hym) gan) she gone.

She sees the King,

(178)

Lordys anon ageyn) her yode,
For she was com) of gentiH blood,
In her lond had they bene:
'God loke the, lady ffree,
What makist thou in this contre?'
'Sir,' she said, 'I wene,

whose Lords greet her.

2026. *ran*] om. MS. 2027. *was* MS. 2030. *fro*] *in* MS.

Seynt Katryn I shold haue sought,
Wekyd weders me heder hath brought
In to this fforest grene,
Desonell says that her boys are dead, and she is left alone.
And aH is dede, I vnderstond,
Saue my selfe, that com to lond
With wyld beestis and kene.'

(179)

'Welcom,' he said, 'DesoneH,
By a tokyn I shaH the teH:
Onys a stede I the sent.
Lady gent, ffeyre and ffree,
To the shold I haue wedid be,
My love was on the lent.'
Knyghtis and squiers, that there were,
They horsid the lady there,
She is taken to Nazareth,
And to the Cite they went.
The quene was curtes of that lond
and welcomd by the Queen,
And toke the lady be the hond
And said: 'Welcom, my lady gent!

(180)

'Lady, thou art welcom here,
As it aH thyn own were,
AH this ffeyre contree!'
'Of one poynt was my care,
And my two children crystonyd ware,
That in wood were reft ffro me.'
Welcom art thou, DesoneH,
with whom she stays.
In my chamber for to dweH,
Inough there in shaH ye see!'
Leve we now that lady gent,
And speke we of sir Torrent,
That was gentiH and ffre.

2076. *in*] *the* add. MS.

(181)

The kyng of Norway is fuH woo, — Sir Torrent won't stop in Norway,
That *sir* Torent wold wend hym ffro,
That doughty was and bold:
'Sir,' he said, 'abyde here
And wed my doughter, that is me dere!'
He said, in no wise he wold.
He shipped oute of the kynges sale
And Ryved vp in) Portingale — but goes back to Portugal.
At another hold. [2191]
Whan) he herd teH of DesoneH,
Swith on sownyng there he feH
To the ground so cold.

(182)

The fals kyng of Portingale, — The false King Calamond of Portugal
Sparid the yatis of his sale
For Torent the ffree;
He said: 'Be Mary clere, — tells him that Desonell and her 2 Boys were sent out to sea.
Thou shalt no wyfe haue here,
Go sech her in) the see!
With her she toke whelpis two, [2201]
To lerne to row wold she go.'
'By god, thou liest,' quod he,
'Kyng Colomand, here my hond!
And I be knyght levand, f. 110*b*.
I-quytt shaH it be!'

(183)

Torent wold no lenger byde,
But sent letters on euery side
With fforce theder to hye.
Theder com oute of Aragon) — Torrent gathers an army.
Noble knyghtes of gret renown) [2211]
With grett chevalrye.

Torrent's knights

Of *Per*vyns and Ca*l*aber also
Were doughty knyght*es* meny moo,
They come aH to that crye.
Kyng Calomond had no knyght,
That with s*ir* Torent wold fyght,
Of aH that satt hym) bye.

(184)

There wold none the yatis deffend,
and he are let into the chief City of Portugal,
But lett s*ir* Torent in wend
With his men) euerychone.
Swith a counseH yede they to,
To what deth they wold hym do,
For he his lady had slone.
'Lordis,' he said, 'he is a kyng,
Men may hym) nether hede ne h*i*ng.'
Thus said they euerychone.
and resolve to send the false King to sea
They ordenyd a shipp aH of tree
And sett hym) oute in) to the see,
Among the wawes to gone.

(185)

Gret lordis of that lond
Assentid to that com*m*and,
That hold shold it be.
In the havyn) of Portyngale,
There stode shippes of hede vale
Of Irun and of tree.
in a boat full of holes.
A bote of tre they brought hym be-fforn),
FuH of holis it was born),
HowseH and shryfte *wold* he.
Sir Torent said: 'Be seynt Iohn),
Seth thou gaue my lady none,
No more men) shaH do the!'

2113. *Calaber*] *Cababer* (!) MS. 2123. *To*] om. MS.
2126. *hing*] *heng* MS. 2132. *comland* MS.
2138. *boryn* MS. 2139. *wold*] *had* MS.

(186)

The shipp-men brought *sir* Colomond
And sent hym fforth within a stound
As ffar as it were.
Wott ye weH and vnderstond,
He come never ayen to lond,
Such stormes ffound he there.
Gret lordys of renown
Be-toke *sir* Torent the crown
To reioyse it there.
Loo, lordys of euery lond:
Falshode wyH haue a foule end,
And wyH haue euermore.

The false king Calamond is drownd,

and Torent is made King of Portugal,

(187)

Sir Torent dwellid thare
Fourty days in moche care,
Season for to hold;
Sith he takith two knyght*es*,
To kepe his lond and his right*es*,
That doughty were and bold.
'Madam,' he said to the quene,
'Here than shaH ye lady bene,
To worth as ye wold.'
He purveyd hym anon,
To wend ouer the see fome,
There god was bought and sold.

but he gives the land up to the Queen,

and resolves to go to the Holy-Land.

(188)

And ye now wiH liston a stound,
How he toke armes of kyng Calomond,
Listonyth, what he bare.
O*n* asure, as ye may see,
With sylu*er* shippes thre,
Who so had be thare.

f. 111*b*.

His arms are 3 silver ships on an azure field.

2161. *He said madam* MS.
2170. This line begins with a big initial letter. *Off* MS.

For love of Desonell,

For DesoneH is love so bryght,
His londis he takyth to a knyght,
And sith he is *boun* to fare.

Torrent leaves Portugal.

'Portyngale, haue good day
For Sevyn yere, *par*maffay,
P*ar* aventure som dele m*a*re!'

(189)

Sir Torent passid the Grekys flood
In to a lond both riche and good,
FuH evyn he toke the way [2281]

He besieges the City of Quarell

To the *cite* of QuareH,
As the boke of Rome doth teH,
There a soudan lay.
There he smote and set adown
And yaue asaute in to the town,
That w*i*H the storye say.
So weH they vetelid were,

for 2 years, and then takes it.

That he lay there two yere,
Sith in the town went they.

(190)

He has its inhabitants kild,

And tho *sir* Torent ffound on lyve, [2291]
He comaundid with spere and knyffe
Smertely dede to be;
He said: 'We haue be here
Moche of this two yere
And onward on the thre.'

and shares its booty among his men.

AH the good, that *sir* Torent wan,
He p*ar*tid it among his m*a*n,
Syluer, gold and ffee;
And sith he is boun to ride f. 112*a*. [2300]
To a Cite there be-syde, [2301]
That was worth such thre.

2175. *boun*] *home* MS. 2178. *more* MS.
2182. *cite*] *see* MS. 2187. *well* MS. *says* MS.
2190. *And sith in to* MS. 2196. *thrid* MS. 2198. *men* MS.

(191)

There he stode and smote adown
And leyd sege to the town,
Six yere there he lay.
By the VI yere were aH done,
With honger they were aH slone,
That in the Cite lay.
The Soudan sent to *sir* Torent than,
With honger that thes people be slan,
AH the folke of this Cite;
'Yf ye thinke here to lye,
Ye shaH haue wyne and spycery,
I-nough is in this contre.'

Torrent then besieges another heathen City for 6 years.

All its folk die of hunger.

(192)

Now god do his soule mede!
On the soudan he had a dede
Vppon euery good ffryday.
*Ie*su sent hym strengith I-nough,
With dynt of sword he hym slough,
There went none quyk away.
Down knelid that knyght
And thankid god with aH his myȝt:
So ought he weH to say.
The Cite, that *sir* Torent was yn,
Worldely goodis he left ther yn,
To kepe it nyght and day.

Torrent kills the Sultan,

(193)

Sith he buskyd hym to ride
In to a lond there be-syde,
Antioche it hight.
Sevyn yere at the Cite he lay
And had bateH euery good ffryday,
Vppon the Sarȝins bryght;

goes to Antioch, f. 112*b*.

and fights every good Friday.

2209. *The*] *A* MS. 2209-14 put before 2203-8 MS.
2210. *slayn* MS. 2211. *thes* MS.
2230-32 put before 2227-29 MS.

And be the VII yere were gone,
The child, that the liberd had tane,
Found hym his fiH off ffyght 2235

(194)

The King of Jerusalem
The kyng of Ierusalem herd teH
Of this lord good and feH,
How doughtyly he hym bare.
Vppon his knyghtes can he caH,
'Ordeyn swith among you aH, 2240
For no thing that ye spare!' [2341]
They buskyd hem oute of the land,
sends 50,000 knights,
The nombre off ffyfty thousand,
Ageyn Torent ffor to ffare . . . .

(195)

The kyng of Ierusalem said thus: 2245
and his adopted son Leobertus (Torrent's second boy)
'My dere son, Liobertus,
That thou be bold and wight!
Thou shalt be here and defend the lond
From that fals traytors hond
And take the ordre of a knyght.' 2250
He yaue hym armes, or he did passe: [2351]
Right as he ffound was,
On gold he bare bryght
A liberd of asure bla
A child be-twene his armes twa: 2255
Woo was her, that se it myght!

(196)

Sir Torent wold no lenger abyde,
But thederward gan he ride;
And to the feld were brought
against Torrent.
Two knyghtes, that were there in stede; f. 113a. 2260
Many a man did they to blede, [2361]
Such woundis they wrought.

2243. *thousaid* MS. 2246. *Liobertious* MS.
2253. *On*] *Of* MS. 2254. *blay* (!) MS. 2255. *tway* MS.
2256. *fullc woo* MS. *se it m.*] *it ought* MS.

There durst no man com̃ Torent nere,
But his son, as ye may here,
Though he knew hym nought.
AH to nought he bet his shild,
But he toke his fader in the feld,
Though he there of eviH thought.

Torrent's son Leobertus captures him.

(197)

Wham̃ sir Torent was takyn̄ tham̃,
His men fled tham̃, euery mam̃,
They durst no lenger abyde.
Gret ruth it was to be hold,
How his sword he did vp-hold
To his son̄ that tyde.
To Ierusalem̃ he did hym̃ lede,
His actone and his other wede,
AH be the kyngis side;
'Sir,' he said, 'haue no care,
Thou shalte lyve and welfare,
But lower ys thy pryde!'

Torrent

is taken to Jerusalem

(198)

Fro that sir Torent was hom brought,
Doughty men̄ vppon̄ hym̃ sought,
And in preson̄ they hym̃ thronge.
His son above his hede lay,
To kepe hym̃ both nyȝt and day,
He wist weH, that he was strong.
Thus in preson as he was,
Sore he siȝed and said alas,
He couth none other songe.
Thus in bondys they held hym thare f. 113b.
A twelfmonyth and som dele mare,
The knyght thought ffuH long.

and thrust into prison,

where his son Leobertus hears him lament a whole year.

2281. *hom*] *hem* MS.
2283. *And and* (!) MS. *throuȝe* MS.

(199)

Torrent
In a mornyng as he lay,
To hym selfe ganꝺ he say:
'Why lye I thus alone?
appeals to God
God, hast thou forsakynꝺ me?
AH my truste was in the,
In lond where I haue gone!
who once enabled him to kill Dragons and Giants.
Thou gave me myȝt ffor to slee
Dragons two other thre
And giauntes meny one,
And now a manꝺ in wekid lond
Hath mynꝺ armo*ur* and stede inꝺ hond:
I wold, my liffe were done!'

(200)

His son Leobertus hears him,
His son herd hymꝺ say soo
And in his hert was fuH woo,
In chamber there he lay;
'Sir,' he said, 'I haue thy wede,
There shaH no man reioyse thy stede,
Yf so be, that I may.
By oure lady seynt Mary,
and promises to get him freed.
Here shalt thou no lenger lye,
Nether be nyȝtꝰ ne be day;
As I amꝺ Curtesse and hend,
To the kyng I shaH wend,
And ffor thy love *hym* pray!'

(201)

Onꝺ the morow whanꝺ he Rose,
The prynce to the kyng gose
And knelid vpponꝺ his knee;
Leobertus asks the King of Jerusalem for Torrent.
'Sir,' he said, 'ffor godd*us* sonne, f. 114*a*.
The knyght, that lieth in the dungeonꝺ,
Ye wold graunt hymꝺ me!

2299. *flee* MS. ? 2313. *Nether be day ne be nyȝt* MS.
2316. *ffor thy love and pray this nyȝt* MS.

I hard hym say be hym alone,
Many Geauntes had he slone
And dragons II or thre.'
The kyng said: 'Be my ffay,
Be warr', he scape not away;
I vouch hym saue on the!'

The King of Jerusalem grants Torrent to his elder son,

(202)

The prynce in to the preson went,
Torent by the hond he hent
Oute of his bondys cold;
To the casteH he brought hym sone
And light ffettouris did hym vppon,
For brekyng oute off hold.
The kyng said: 'Be my ffaye,
And he euer scape away,
FuH dere he shaH be sold!'
'Sir,' he said, 'parmaffay,
We wyH hym kepe, and we may:
There of be ye bold!'

who frees him from prison,

tho' still fettering him.

(203)

For he was curtes knyght & free,
At the mete sett was he
By the kyng at the deyse.
'Sir, thou haste i-bene
At Iustis and at tornementes kene,
Both in warr' and in peas:
Sith thy dwelling shaH be here,
I pray, that thou woldist my son lere,
Hys Tymber ffor to asay.'
'Sir,' he said, 'I vnderstond,
Affter the maner off my lond
I shaH, with outen *delay*.'

Torrent dines with the King,

and promises to teach his son Leobertus spearcraft.

2331. *And toke hym oute* MS.
2348. *I pray*] om. MS.
2352. *delay*] *lese* MS.

(204)

The jousts at Jerusalem.

The casteH court was large *with* in,
They made ryngis ffor to Ren,
None but they alone.
Euery of hem to o*þur*e Rade:
Feyrer Tur*na*mentes than they made,
Men sye never none.
The prynce in armes was fuH preste,
Torrent's son Leobertus breaks 3 shafts on his Father.
Thre shaftys on his fader he breste,
In shevers they gan gone.
Sir Torent said: 'So mvt I thee,
A man of armes shaH thou be,
Stalworth of blood and bone!'

(205)

Harroldys of armes cryed on hight,
The prynce and that other knyght
No more juste shaH thay;
But lordys of other lond,
Euery one to other ffond,
And sith went theyre way.
The jousts last 6 weeks.
Sixe wekys he dwellid there,
TiH that aH delyu*er*d were,
That in the Cite *lay*.
A Feast is held.
Tho they held a gestonye,
With aH man*er* of mynstralsye,
TyH the Sevynth day.

(206)

Lordis with aH other thing
Toke leve at the kyng,
Home theyre ways to passe.
Torrent is declared victor.
That tyme they yaue Torent the floure
And the gre with moch honowre,
As he weH worthy was.

f. 115*a*.

2356. *Rode* MS. 2357. *Turmentes* MS. 2373. *lay*] *were* MS.

The kyng said: 'I shaH the yeve
Liffe and lyvelode, whiH I lyve,
Thyn armo*ur*, as it was.'
Whan he sye ffeyre ladyes wend,
He thought on her, that was so hend,
And sighed and said: 'Alas!'

The King of Jerusalem promises to support Torrent.

(207)

The kyng of Naȝareth home went,
There that his lady lent,
In his own lede.
'Sir,' she said, 'ffor godd*us* pite,
What gentilman wan the gre?'
He said, 'So god me spede,
One of the ffeyrest knyghtis,
That slepith on som*er* nyght*es*
Or walkyd in wede;
He is so large of lym and lith,
AH the world he hath justid with,
That come to that dede.'

The King of Nazareth

(208)

'Good lord,' said DesoneH,
'For godd*us* love ye me teH,
What armes that *h*e bare!'
'DamyseH, also muste I the,
Syluer and asure beryth he,
That wott I weH thare.
His Creste is a noble lond,
A Gyaunt with an hoke in hond,
This wott I weH, he bare.
He is so stiff at euery stoure,
He is prynce and victoure,
He wynneth the gree aye where.

tells Desonell that the Victor (Torrent) has an armd Giant as his crest.

2403. *he*] *ye* MS.

(209)

The Victor is a Knight of Portugal.

Of Portyngale a knyght he ys,
He wanne the town of Raynes
And the Cite of Quarelle;
At the last jurney that was sett,
The prynce, my broders son *he mett*,
And in his hond he ffeH.
The prynce of Grece leth nere
There may no juster be his pere,
For soth as I you teH:
The King of Nazareth proclaims a Jousting.
A dede of armes I shaH do crye
And send after hym in hye.'
Blith was DesoneH.

(210)

This dede was cried ffar and nere,
The kyng of Ierusalem did it here,
In what lond that it shold be.
The King of Jerusalem sends Torrent and his elder son Leobertus to it.
He said: 'Sone, anon right
Dight the and thy cryston knyght,
For sothe, theder wiH we.'
Gret lordys, that herith this crye,
Theder come richely,
Everyman in his degre.
The King of Greece brings the younger son, Antony Fitzgriffin.
The kyng of Grece did *make hym boun*,
With hym come Antony ffyȝ greffon),
With moche solempnite . . . . . .

(211)

'The kyng of Naȝareth sent me,
That there shold a justynge be
Of meny a cryston knyght,
The Jousting is for a lady.
And aH is ffor a lady clere,
That the justyng is cryed ffar and nere, f. 116*a*.
Of men of armes bryght.'

2415. *Quarellis* MS. 2416. *that*] *he* add. MS.
2417. *he m.*] *was gatt* MS. 2434. *make hym b.*] *assigne* MS.

Gret joye it was to here teH,
How thes kynges *with* the knyghtis feH
Come and semled to that ffyght.

(212)

There come meny another mon,
That thought there to haue to done,
And than to wend her way.
Whan they come to the casteH gent,
A RoaH ffyght, verament,
There was, the sothe to say.
Trompes resyn on the waH,
Lordys assembled in the haH,
And sith to souper yede thay.
They were recevid *with* rialte,
Euery man in his degre,
And to her logyng went her way.

Many folk come to the jousts.

They sup

and sleep,

(213)

The lordys Rosyn aH be-dene
On the morow, as I wene,
And went masse ffor to here.
And ffurthermore *with*-oute lent
They wesh and to mete went,
For to the ffeld they wold there.
After mete anon right
They axid hors and armes bryght,
To hors-bak went thay in ffere.
Knyghtis and lordys reuelid aH,
And ladyes lay ou*er* the casteH waH,
That semely to se were.

rise,

hear Mass,

and dine,

then mount,

(214)

Than eueryman toke spere in hond,
And euerych to other ffond,
Smert boffettes there they yeld.

and begin to joust.

f. 116*b*.

2445. *semlend* MS. 2446. *man* MS. 2471. *ffound* MS.
2472. *there th. y.*] *they yeldyd there* MS.

Torrent's 2 Sons joust.

The prynce of Ierusalem and his brother,
Eueriche of hem ran to other
Smertely in the feld 2475

The younger, Antony, unhorses his brother Leobertus.

Though Antony ffygryffon yonger were,
His brother Leobert*us* he can down bere;
Sir Torent stode and be-held.

(215)

'Be my trouth,' said Torent thanne,
'As I am a cryston man 2480
I-quytt shall it be.' [2581]
Torent be-strode a stede strong
And hent a tymber gret and long,
And to hym rode he.

(216)

Torrent rides down his younger son.

Torrent to hym rode so sore, 2485
That he to the ground hym bare,
And let hym lye in the *bent*.
There was no man hyȝe ne lowe,
That myght make Torent to bowe
Ne his bak to bend. 2490
They justyd and turneyd there, [2591]
And eueryman ffound his pere,
There was caught no dethis dent.

He and his sons are the best jousters.

Of all the Justis, that there ware,
Torent the floure a way bare 2495
And his sonnys, *verament*.

(217)

And on the morow, whan it was day,
Amonge all the lordys gay,
That worthy were, *par de*,

2483 put before 2482 MS.
2485 f. : *Torrent so sore to hym rode,*
That he bare hym to the ground MS.
2487. *bent*] *ffeld* MS.
2493. *dynt* MS.
2496. *ver.*] *in that tyde* MS.
2499. *par de*] *in wede* MS.

Desonell wold no lenger lend, 2500
But to *sir* Torent gan̄ she wend [2601]
And knelid on her kne.
She said: 'Welcom̄, my lord *sir* Torent!' Desonell greets Torrent,
'And so be ye, my lady gent!' f. 117*a*.
In sownyng than fell she. 2505 and swoons.
Vp they cou*er*yd that lady hend,
And to mete did they wend
With joye and solempnite.

(218)

Dame Desonell be-sought the kyng,
That she myght, with oute lesyng, 2510
Sytt with Torent alone. [2611]
'Yes, lady, be hevyn̄ kyng,
There shall be no lettyng;
Worthy is he, be seynt Iohn̄!'
Tho they washid and went to mete, 2515 All go to Dinner.
And rially they were sett
And *ser*uid worthely, *echone*.
Euery lord in̄ the hall,
As his state wold be-ffall,
Were couplid with ladyes *schone*. 2520

(219)

But of all ladyes, that were there sene, [2621] Desonell is the fairest lady.
So ffeire myght there none bene
As was dame Desonell. . . . . .
Thes two kyngis, that doughty ys, The Kings of Jerusalem and Greece go to the
To the Cite come, i-wys, 2525
With moche meyne *emell*.

(220)

To the castell they toke the way, King of Nazareth's Castle.
There the kyng of Naȝareth lay,
With hym̄ to speke on high̄.

2502. *And on her kne she knelid* MS.
2514. *ffor welle worthy* MS. 2517. *echone*] *verament* MS.
2520. *schone*] *gent* MS. 2526. *emell*] om. MS.

At none the quene ete in the hall, 2530
Amongist the ladyes ouer all, [2631]
That couth moche curtesye.
Desonell wold not lett,
Desonell sits by Torrent. By *sir* Torent she her sett,
There of they had *envye* 2535

(221)

Whan eyther of hem other be-held,
Off care no thyng they ffeld, *f.* 117*b*.
Bothe her hertes were blithe.
She tells the Lords how her Gret lordys told she sone,
What poyntes he had for her done, 2540
They be-gan to be blithe; [2641]
Father sent her and her 2 Boys to sea; And how her *fader* in the see did her do,
With her she had men childre two;
They waried hym ffell sithe.
'Sir kyng, in this wildernes, 2545
My two children fro me revid wes,
I may no lenger hem hide.

(222)

The knyght yaue me rynges two,
Euerich of hem had one of thoo,
Better saw I never none. 2550
and how one was carried off by a Griffin, and the other by a Leopard. A Gryffon bare the one away, [2651]
A liberd the other, *par*maffay,
Down by a Roche of stone.'
Than said the kyng of Ierusalem:
'I ffound one by a water streme, 2555
He levith *with* blood & bone.'
Leobertus and Antony are these boys. The kyng of Grece said: 'My brother,
Antony my son brought me anoþ*ure*.'
She saith: 'Soth, be seynt Iohn?'

2535. *envye*] *wonder* MS. 2542. *fader*] om. MS.
2546. *was* MS.
2556. *levith*] *yet* add. MS.

(223)

The kyng said: 'Sith it is so,
Kys ye youre fader bo,
And axe hym̃ his blessyng!'
Down̄ they knelid on̄ her knee:
'Thy blessing, ffader, for charite!'
'Welcom̄, children̄ y*ing*!'
Thus in armes he hem̄ hent,
A blither man̄ than̄ *sir* Torent
Was there none levyng;
It was no wonder, thou3e it so were;
He had his wiffe and his children̄ there,
His joye be-gan̄ to spryng.

Torrent's 2 Sons kneel and ask his blessing.

f. 118*a*.

He rejoices in them and their Mother,

(224)

Of aH the justis, that were thare,
A way the gre his sonnys bare,
That doughty were in dede.
Torent knelid vppon̄ his knee
And said: 'God yeld you, lordys ffree,
Thes children̄ that ye haue ffed:
Euer we wiH be at youre wiH,
What jurney ye wiH put vs tyH,
So I*es*u be oure spede,
With that the kyng thre
In to my lond wiH wend w*ith* me,
For to wreke oure stede.'

and thanks the Kings for taking care of them.

He asks the Kings to Portugal.

(225)

They graunted that there was,
Gret lordys more and lesse,
Bothe knyght and squiere;
And with DesoneH went
Al the ladyes, that were gent,
That of valew were.

All agree to go.

2561. *bothe* MS. 2565. *yong* MS.

Shippis had they stiff and strong,
Maistis gret and sayles long,
Hend, as ye may here,
Their ships arrive at Portugal. And markyd in to Portingale,
Whan they had pullid vp her sayH,
With a wynd so clere.

(226)

The riche quene of that lond
In her casteH toure gan stond
And be-held in-to the see.
'Sone,' she said to a knyght,
'Yonder of shippis I haue a sight, f. 118*b*.
For sothe, a grett meyne.'
The Queen The quene said: 'Verament,
I se the armes of *sir* Torent,
I wott weH, it is he.'
He answerid and said tho:
'Madam, I wiH, that it be so,
God gefe grace, that it so be!'

(227)

welcomes A blither lady myȝt none be,
She went ageyn hym to the see
With armed knyght*es* kene.
Torrent and his friends, Torent she toke by the hond:
'Lordys of vncouth lond,
Welcom muste ye bene!'
and swoons when she sees her daughter Desonell. Whan she sye DesoneH,
Swith in sownyng she feH
To the ground so *gr*ene.
Torent gan her vp ta:
'Here bene her children twa,
On lyve thou shalt hem see*ne*!'

2605-7 put before 2602-4 MS.
2616. *grene*] *kene* MS. 2619. *see* MS.

(228)

In the CasteH of Portyngale
A-Rose trumpes *of* hede vale, [2721]
To mete they went on hye.
He sent letters ffar and nere; — Torrent holds a great feast,
The lordys, that of valew were,
They come to that gestonye.
The Emperoure of Rome,
To that gestonye he come,
A noble knyght on hyze.
Whan aH thes lordys com were,
Torrent weddid that lady clere,
A justyng did he crye. [2731] — and weds Desonell.

(229)

So it ffeH vppon a day, f. 119*a*.
The kyng of Ierusalem gan say:
'Sir, thy sonne I ffound
Lying in a libertes mouth,
And no good he ne couth,
Dede he was nere hond:
Wold thou, that he dwellid *with* me,
TiH that I dede be,
And sith reioyse my lond?' . . . . . .

(230)

Be fore lordys of gret renown), [2741] — He gives his son Leobertus as heir to the King of Jerusalem;
Torent gaue hym his son . . . . . .
The kyng of Grece said: 'Sir knyght,
I yeff thy son aH my right
To the Grekys flood: — and his son Antony as heir to the King of Greece.
Wouch thou saue, he dweH *with* me?'
'Yea, Lord, so mut I thee,
God yeld you aH this good!'

2621. *of*] om. MS. 2629. *ware* MS. 2645. *flood*] *I plight* add. MS.

For *sir* Torent was stiff in stoure,
Torrent is elected Emperor. They chose hym ffor Emp*er*oure,
Beste of bone and blood. [2751]

(231)

Gret lordys, that there were,
Fourty days dwellith there,
And sith they yode her way;
Torrent gives his 2 Sons a Sword each. He yaue his sonnys, as ye may here,
Two swerdys, that were hym) dere,
Ech of hem) one had they.
Sith he did make vp-tyed
Chirchus and abbeys wyde,
For hym) and his to praye.
In Rome this Romans berith the crown) [2761]
Of aH kerpyng of Renown):
He lies in a fair Abbey. He leyth in a feire abbey.

(232)

Now I*es*u Cryst, that aH hath wrought,
As he on the Rode vs bought, f. 119*b*.
He geve hvs his blessing,
May Christ grant us Heaven! And as he died for you and me,
He graunt vs in blis to be,
Lesse and mare, both old and ying! Amen.

Explicit Torent of Portyngale.

2654. *And sith her way they yode* MS.
2663. *leyth*] *in Rome* add. MS.
2669. *Oute of this world whan) we shalle wend* MS.

THE FRAGMENTS.

I.[1]

[*The King of Portugal plots Torrent's death.*]

[T] . . . est hym vp	462	Desonell gives Torrent a Horse
. . . . . chent be for to ile		
. . . . . ly ivyll he gone	464	
The kynge of Nazareth sent hym me,		which the King of Nazareth had sent her.
Torent, I wot-saue hym on the,		
For better loue I none!'	467	
Afterwarde vpon a tyde,		
As they walkyd by the ryvers syde,		
The kynge and yonge Torent,	470	
This lorde wolde fayne, that he dede were		The King
And he wyst nat, on what manere,		
Howe he myght hym shent.	473	
A fals letter made the kynge		treacherously
And made a messangere it brynge,		
On the ryuer syde as they went,	476	
To Torent, that was true as stele,		asks Torrent to get Desonell a Falcon
If he loued Dyssonell wele,		
Gete hir a faucon gent.	479	
Torent the letter began to rede,		
The kynge came nere and lystened,		
As thoughe he it neuer had sene.	482	
The kynge sayde, 'what may this be?'		
'Lorde, it is sent to me		
For a faucon shene;	485	
I ne wote, so God me spede,		
In what londe that they brede.'		
The kynge sayde, 'as I herde sayne,	488	

[1] In Halliwell's edition III.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

from the Forest of Magdalen. In the forest of Maudelayne 491

II.[1]

Than sayde [the] kyn[g] vntrue, 492
'And ye fynde haw[k]es of great value,
Brynge me one with the!' 494
Torent sayd: 'so God me saue,
Torrent agrees to do it. Yf it betyde, that I any haue,
At your wyll shall they be.' 497

To his squyer bade he thare,
After his armoure to fare,
In the felde abode he; 500
He rides They armed hym in his wede,
He bestrode a noble stede
. 503

to the Forest of Magdalen, Torent toke the way agayne
Unto the forest of Maudelayne,
In a wylsome way; 506
Berys and apes there founde he
And wylde bestys great plente
And lyons, where they lay. 509
In a wode, that is tyght,
It drewe towarde the nyght.
By dymmynge of the day 512
Lysten, lordes, of them came wo,
gets separated from his Squire, He and his squyer departed in two,
Carefull men then were they. 515

At a shedynge of a rome
Eyther departed other frome,
As I vnderstande. 518
Torent taketh a dolefull way
Downe into a depe valay,
. 521

[1] In Halliwell's edition II.

III.[1]

[*The King of Portugal sends Torrent to be kild by the Giant Slogus.*]

. . . . . 819 Torrent sits at the head of a side table.
And the good squyres after h[ym],
That knyghtes sholde be. 821
As they were a-myddes theyr . . .
The kynge wolde not forgete, The King asks Torrent if he'll
To Torente than sayd he, 824

He sayd: 'so god me saue,
Fayne thou woldest my dough[ter haue],
Thou hast loued her many a d[aye].' 827
'Ye, by my trouthe,' sayd Torente,
'And I were a ryche man,
Ryght gladly by my faye.' 830
'If thou durst for her sake do a deed of arms for Desonell.
A poynte of armes vndertake,
Thou broke her vp for ay.' 833

'Ye,' sayde he, 'or I go, 'Yes,' says Torrent.
Sykernes thou make me so
Of thy doughter hende. 836
Ye and after all my ryghtes
By VII score of hardy knyghtes'
Al they were Torentes frende. 839
'Now, good lordes, I you praye,
Bere wytnes of this day
Agayne yf god me sende!' 842

Torente sayd, 'so may I the,
Wyst I, where my jorney shold [be],
Thyder I wolde me dyghte.' 845
The kyng gaue hym an answ[e]re,
'In the londe of Caleb[e]re 'Then go to Calabria,
There wonneth a gyaunte wygh[hte] 848

[1] In Halliwell's edition VI.

. . . . . .

Slogus he hyght as I the tolde,
and fight the Giant Slogus.' God sende the that waye ryghte!' 851

IV.[1]

[*Torrent is offerd a Princess of Provyns.*]

The King of Provyns warns . . . . . .

. . . . . .

For why I wyll the saye, 917
Moche folke of that countre
Cometh heder for socoure to me,
Bothe by nyghte and by daye. 920
him against the terrible Giant there, There is a gyaunte of grete renowne,
He destroyeth bothe cyte and towne
And all that he may. 923
As bokes of rome tell,
He was goten with the deuyll of hell,
As his moder slepynge lay.' 926

The kynge sayde, 'by Saynt Adryan,
I rede, a nother gentylman
Be there and haue the degre. 929
I haue a doughter, that me is dere,
and offers him his Daughter and 2 Duchies. Thou shalte wedde her to thy fere,
And yf it thy wyll be, 932
Two duchyes in honde
I wyll gyue her in londe.'
'Gramercy, syr,' sayd he, 935
Torrent says he must keep his troth. 'With my tonge I haue so wrought,
To breke my day wyll I nought,
Nedes me behoueth there to be.' 938

'On Goddes name,' the kynge gan sayne,
'Iesu brynge the saffe agayne,
Lorde, moche of myght!' 941

[1] In Halliwell's edition V.

Mynstralsy was them amonge,
With harpe, fedyll and songe,
Delycyous notes on hygh[t]e.
Whan it was tyme, to bed they wente,
And on the morowe rose Torente
And toke leue of kynge and knyght
And toke a redy way. Torrent starts,

Fragment V.[1]

By the se syde as it lay,
God sende hym gatys ryght!

An hye waye hath he nome,
Into Calabre is he come reaches Calabria,
Within two dayes or thre.
So he met folke hym agayne,
Fast comynge with carte and wayne
Frowarde the se.
'Dere God,' sayd Torente now,
'Good folke, what eyleth you,
That ye thus fast fle?'
'There lyeth a gyaunte here besyde, and hears of the Giant.
For all this londe brode and wyde
No man on lyue leueth he.'

'Dere God,' sayd Torente then,
'Wher euer be that fendes den?'
They answered hym anone:
'In a castell in the see,
Slogus' they sayd 'hyght he,
Many a man he hath slone.

We wote full well, where he doth ly The Giant Slogus is in Hungary.
Byfore the cyte of Hungry,'
. . . . . .

[1] In Halliwell's edition IV.

VI.[1]

[*Torrent fights the Giant.*]

The Giant says he'll wring Torrent's nose.

. . . . . all the wrynge,
. . . . . lynge
. . . . . thou the
. . . . . he toke,
. . . . . bare a croke
His Crook is 13 ft. long. . . . . te longe and thre
. . . . . ever so longe were
. . . . . had no fere
. . . . yd darste thou come nere
. . . . . nte nolengre a-byde
Torrent charges, ... nte wolde he ryde
. . . . ghte.
. . . . one eye but one,
. . . . . neuer none,
. . . nor by nyght.
. . . . lpe of god of heuen,
pierces the Giant's eye, ... herin euen,
. . . . . .
and makes him roar. . . . . gan to rore,
. . . . the cyte wore,
. . . ay.
. . . . es eyen were oute
. . . . . boute
. . . . . .

VII.[2]

[*Desonell bears twins. All are sent out to sea. They reach land.*]

Thus the lady dwelled there,
Tyll that she delyuered were
Desonell is delivered of 2 male children Of men chyldren two.

[1] Printed in *Englische Studien*, VII. p. 347 f.
[2] In Halliwell's edition I.

Of all poyntes were they gent,
Lyke were they to Sir Torent, — like Torrent.
For his loue suffred they wo. 1812
The kynge sayd, 'so mote I the,
Thou shalt into the se — Her Father says she shall be sent
Without wordes mo. 1815 — out to sea.
Every kynges doughter fer and nere
At the they shall lere,
Agaynst right to do!' 1818

Great ruthe it was to se, — She is led from his land.
Whan they led that lady fre
Out of hir faders lande. 1821
The quene, hir moder, was nere wode — The Queen bewails her daughter's fate.
For hir doughter, that gentyll fode,
Knyghtes stode wepynge.[1] 1824

A clothe of sylke toke they tho,
And departed it bytwene the chyldren two,
Therin they were wonde. 1827
Whan they had shypped that gentyll thynge, — Desonell is sent to sea.
Anone she fell in swownynge
At Peron on the sonde. 1830
Whan that lady was downe fall,
On Iesu Cryste dyd she call.
To defende hir with his honde: 1833

'Rightfull God, ye me sende — She prays to Christ for her children.
Some good londe on to lende,
That my chyldren may crystened be[n].' 1836
She sayd, 'ladyes fayre and gent,
Great well my lorde Sir Torent,
Yf euer ye hym se[n]!' 1839
The wynde arose on the myght,
Fro the londe it blewe that lady bryght
Into the se so grene. 1842

[1] wepande.

Wyndes and weders hathe hir dryuen,
That in a forest she is aryuen,
Where wylde bestys were.

Desonell and her twin babes reach land.

The se was ebbe and went hem fro
And left hir and hir chyldren two
[Alo]ne without any fere.
Hir one chylde began to wepe,
The lady awoke out of hir slepe

She stills her crying child,

And sayde, 'be styll, my dere,
Ihesu Cryste hathe sent vs lande,
Yf there be any Crysten man at hande,
We shall haue socoure here.'

The carefull lady then was blythe,
To the londe she went full swythe,
As fast as she myght.
Tyll the day began to sprynge,
Foules on trees merely gan synge
Delicyous notes on hyght.

goes up a mountain,

To a hyll went that lady fre,
Where she was ware of a cyte
With toures fayre and bryght.
Therof I-wys she was fayne,

and sits down.

She set hir downe, as I herd sayne,
Hir chyldren for to dyght.

NOTES.

Page 1, line 12. Cf. ll. 118, 187, 190, 198, 558, 924, 1924, 2183. So in *Eglamour* (Thornton Romances), l. 408 :

'The boke of Rome thus can telle,'

and *The Erl of Tolouse*, ed. Lüdtke, l. 1219 :

'Yn Rome thys geste cronyculyd ys.'

See Halliwell's and Lüdtke's notes to these passages. I agree with both of them, that an expression like that does not earnestly refer the reader to a Latin or Italian source of the story ; there is evidently no difference at all between *in Rome* and *in romance*.

p. 1, l. 15. *wyght* has been inserted instead of *dowghtty* in order to restore the rhyme with *hyght, knyght, myght ;* cf. *Havelok*, ed. Skeat, l. 344 :

'He was fayr man and wieth.'

p. 1, l. 17 = *Ipomadon*, l. 63. Parallel passages to this hyperbolic expression are collected in Kölbing's note to this line (p. 364).

p. 1, l. 24. We find the same idea as here, viz. that nobody can resist the will of God, who has power over death and life, in *Sir Tristrem*, ll. 236 ff. :

'Þat leuedi, nouȝt to lain,
For soþe ded is sche !
Who may be ogain ?
As god wil, it schal be,
Vnbliþe.'

p. 2, l. 28. I have not met with the verb *fesomnen* anywhere else, and it is not mentioned in Stratmann and Mätzner. Halliwell, Dictionary, p. 354, explains it by 'feoffed, gave in fee,' doubtless regarding this very passage, although he doesn't cite it ; might *fesomnyd* not be a corruption from *sesyd ?* cf. *Havelok*, ll. 250 f. :

'Þat he ne dede al Engelond
Sone sayse intil his hond.'

Hall writes to me on this word as follows : *fesomnyd* is, I am convinced, not a word at all, but a scribe's error for *festonyd* or *festuyd* = confirmed, fixed. Comp. '*And þat ich hym wolde myd treowþe siker faste on honde*,' Robert of Gloucester (Hearne), p. 150. For this use of *fasten, fastnen*, comp. '*But my forwarde with þe I festen on þis wyse*,' Alliterative Poems, p. 47, l. 327 : '*& folden fayth to þat fre, festned so harde*,' Sir

Gawayne, p. 57, l. 1783: '*And þis forward, in faith, I festyn with hond,*' Destruction of Troy, p. 22, l. 636. See also Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, ii. p. 216, under *to Fest.*

p. 2, l. 30. I am by no means sure that *fede* is the original reading, but I wasn't able to find a better word rhyming with *dedde*, *wede;* even the *ne.* 'feed' means *pasture*, and that is what we expect here.

p. 2, l. 31. For my correction cf. Lüdtke's note to *The Erl of Tolouse*, l. 199, sub 2; *Eglam.*, l. 26:

'That was a maydyn as whyte as fome,'

Ib. l. 683:

'Crystyabelle as whyte as fome,'

where the *Percy Folio MS.* reads:

'Christabell that was as faire as sunn;'

Chronicle of England, l. 75 f.:

'Ant nomeliche to thy lemmon,
That ys wyttore then the fom.'

p. 2, l. 50. The alteration of *And* and *bee* into *An* and *see* seemed necessary; *sayment* is like Fr. *essaiement*, Lat. *exagimentum.*

p. 3, l. 59. Cf. l. 1216 f. and *The Lyfe of Ipomydon*, ed. Kölbing, l. 1795:

'If thou hyr haue, thou shalt hyr bye.'

p. 3, l. 77 f. As half of the stanza is lost, it is impossible to make out to whom *they* refers. Nor do I believe that l. 78 is correct, especially as to *chaunce.*

p. 3, l. 79. Cf. *Ipomadon*, ed. Kölbing, l. 8123:

'A myle wyth in the Grekes see.'

p. 3, l. 80. *in an yle* is certainly the correct reading; *mauyle* was introduced by a scribe who supposed it to be the giant's name; but that is mentioned some twenty lines later.

p. 5, l. 136. The correction of *lyght* into *ryght* I owe to Hall, who refers me to the legend of *Sancta Maria Egyptiaca;* cf. f. i. Barbour's *Legends of Saints*, ed. Horstmann, I. p. 143 ff.

p. 6, l. 153. *nowyd* = 'anoyed' gives a poor sense. Hall suggests *nowtyd;* cf. E. D. S., No. 6, Ray's *North Country Words*, p. 59, *note*, to push, strike or soar, with the horn, as a bull or ram,' ab. A.S. *huitan*, ejusdem significationis. The word might then mean 'spurred.'

p. 6, l. 171 = l. 596. This alliterative binding is a very frequent one; cf. *Sir Orfeo*, ed. Zielke, p. 9.

p. 7, l. 188. The same rhyme, which I have restored here, occurs l. 559 f.

p. 7, l. 190. *Yt tellythe* = *Yt is told;* cf. Lüdtke, note to *The Erl of Tolouse*, l. 1070, and Sarrazin, note to *Octavian*, l. 1749.

p. 9, l. 236. I was about to write, *Crystyn men thow they were*, referring this line to the guardians of the lions; but, no doubt, Hall's reconstruction of the line, which I have put into the text, is far better.

p. 9, l. 237. *Hys browys wexe bla*, i. e. he turned pale, he was struck with fear; cf. *bloo askes*, P. Pl., l. 1553, and the German *aschfahl*. Quite a similar expression occurs in *Perceval*, l. 687 f.:

'Now sone of that salle wee see,
Whose browes schalle blakke.'

Ib. l. 1056:

'His browes to blake.'

p. 9, l. 245. Though *syghyng* gives no offence, still it may be, that the author has written *syngyng*, and the scribe was wrong in altering it; cf. Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 5424.

p. 9, l. 251. Cf. l. 802, 1204, *Ipomadon*, l. 6481 f.:

'Your nece of Calabyre, that lady clere,
Ys bovnden wyth a fendes fere.'

Reliquiæ Antiquæ, i. p. 241:

'He seith bi nizte and eke bi day,
That hy beth fendes ifere.'

p. 10, l. 265 f. The reading of these two lines is quite destroyed by the careless scribe. My correction is not more than an attempt to restore the rhyme.

p. 10, l. 277 ff. There is nothing in Torrent's words which could lead the princess to a conclusion like that. I think that after l. 276 one stanza is wanting.

p. 11, l. 286-8. As to the contents of these lines, Kölbing refers me to *Englische studien*, vol. IV. p. 133 f., where F. Liebrecht mentions a passage in *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*, according to which a king's daughter,—if she is a pure virgin,—can never be hurt by a lion. Here we have another proof for this remarkable bit of folk-lore.

p. 11, l. 292 = l. 329.

p. 11, l. 303 = l. 342.

p. 11, l. 305. I am not quite sure whether I was right in substituting the prince's name—which is mentioned once more, the first time, as it were, l. 341—for the name of his father's kingdom; but I didn't see any other way of restoring the rhyme.

p. 12, l. 311. Cf. l. 469 and Skeat's note to *Sir Thopas*, l. 1927.

p. 12, l. 334. Instead of *he* I should prefer to read *they*: Torrent has just admonished the prisoners to cheer up.

p. 13, l. 344. There must be something wrong in this line, because the name of the third Earl's son is missing; to write *the third* instead of *of* may not suffice to put the text right; even the names *Torren* and *Berweyne* seem to me very suspicious.

p. 14, l. 379. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 4245, *for Crystys dede; Crystys* was substituted by Kölbing for *mannes*, which is clearly wrong; he could as well have chosen *godes*.

p. 15, l. 393 ff. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 736.

p. 16, l. 427. Of this allusion to Veland, Halliwell treats in his

edition of *Sir Torrent*, p. vii f. Cf. Zupitza, *Ein zeugnis für die Wielandsage, Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, Vol. XIX, p. 129 f.

p. 16, l. 429-31. The line which follows l. 429 in the MS. is superfluous; it damages the metre; and the rhyme with l. 430 won't do. The old king wishes to say: 'I have seen the day when, if this sword wielded by me fell on any one, he was considered done for, doomed to death.' Therefore l. 431, *I fawght therfor I told* has been corrected into *Fawe they were I-told*. The scribe did not understand the obsolescent word *fawe* or *faye*, so he wrote the nearest word to it to make sense, *I-told* = 'held, considered.'—I. Hall.

p. 17, l. 458. Cf. Breul's note to *Sir Gowther*, l. 410.

p. 17, l. 465. Cf. l. 2061 f.

p. 20, l. 542. The scribe, who evidently didn't know the pretty rare word *clow*, has spoilt it to *colod*, or *coled;* the same rhyme, *clouȝ, drouȝ, anouȝ* occurs in *Sir Tristrem*, l. 1761 ff. Nor did the scribe know the word *swowe* = 'noise,' and changed it to *swayne;* cf. Hall. Dict., p. 843: *He come to him with a swowe.*

p. 20, l. 543. *Of and on*, off and on, intermittently.

p. 21. l. 555. *schyld* is not to the point here, Torrent having only his sword at hand. The scribe has forgotten what he has said himself, l. 526 and 549; cf. l. 652.

p. 21, l. 582-4. We meet with this description twice more in the poem, ll. 1514-16, and ll. 1858-60.

p. 23, l. 640. On the meaning of *theff*, cf. Kölbing's note to *Am. and Amil.*, l. 787.

p. 24, l. 659. *of Perowne* is certainly wrong, as it does not agree with the rhymes *stere, nere, fere;* but I don't know how to amend the line.

p. 24, l. 662. *schere* gives no meaning; I write *stere* and translate, There might nobody move further, *i. e.* the giant was brought to a standstill in the glen.

p. 24, l. 665. Cf. ll. 434, 791.

p. 25, l. 688. Cf. *Eglam.*, l. 324:

'And to [the] herte hym bare.'

The weak preterit tense of *berien* is very rare; if *bere* = A.S. *beran* sometimes has the same meaning, *i. e.* 'to strike,' the reason is that A.S. *beran* and Icel. *berja* are confounded.

p. 25, l. 696. *woo* can hardly stand for *wood*. It seems to me like a last corruption of an old romance phrase, like *worthy inwith wall* (*woȝe*); possibly the line was simply so: *Thus in II journeys Torrent so.*—Hall.

p. 25, l. 700. On the use of M.E. *fote* as a plural see Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 598.

p. 26, l. 722. Hall suggests, the original phrase may have been: *pomely whyt and grey;* cf. Chaucer, *C. T.*, Prol., l. 615 f.:

'This reeve sat vpon a ful good stot,
That was al *pomely gray*, and highte Scot.'

p. 27, l. 744. Cf. l. 788. On *St. James* cf. Kölbing's note to *Am. and Amil.*, l. 796.

p. 29, l. 808 f. 'In so dangerous conditions he has been before [and still come back safe], so he will come back even this time.'

p. 29, l. 819. On the meaning of the phrase '*the bord beginne*, cf. Kölbing, *Englische studien*, III. p. 104, and Zupitza, *Anglia*, III. p. 370 f.

p. 30, l. 838. This stanza being incomplete, I think, the lacuna is to be put after l. 838. The missing three lines contained the fact, that the king promises Torrent, before his knights, that, when he has done this deed, he will give him his daughter, and grant him one half of his kingdom during his life, and the whole afterwards; cf. l. 1206 ff. The odd number of XXVII knights is probably due only to the scribe; cf. F. III: *By VII score of hardy knyghtes.*

p. 31, l. 867 f. These two lines are poor, and the rhyme is very bad; l. 868 may have run originally, *Thurrow Pervyns, for sothe, it ley;* cf. l. 949.

p. 32, l. 901. *squyere*, although very odd at the first sight, may still be right; Torrent says: 'The only squier that I took with me for this journey, is my sword'; cf. l. 909.

p. 33, l. 922. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 3344.

p. 33, l. 924-6. On the story of a child, begotten by a devil on a sleeping woman, cf. Breul, *Sir Gowther*, p. 119 f.

p. 34, l. 954 ff. Cf. *Tristrem*, l. 1409 ff.:

'Out of Deuelin toun
Þe folk wel fast ran,
In a water to droun,
So ferd were þai þan.'

p. 34, l. 963 f. Cf. *Beves of Hamtoun*, l. 187 f.:

'Madame, a seide, for loue myn,
Whar mai ich finde þat wilde swin?'

p. 36, l. 1000. Instead of *spere* perhaps we ought to read *sworde.*

p. 37, l. 1030 f. If we compare the rests of these lines in F. VI., this reading or a similar one is to be expected. The reading of l. 1029 ff. in the fragments may be completed so: [*Thourgh the he*]*lpe of god of heuen Thorough ye and*] *herin euen God send the spere the right way.*

p. 36, l. 1033 f. Cf. ll. 1166, 2468 f., and Kölbing's note to *Sir Tristrem*, l. 69 f.

p. 38, l. 1070. 'I came hither to seek my death,' *i. e.* this expedition was so dangerous, that I expected to die.

p. 38, l. 1076. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 239 f.:

'Tyll vncovth contreys will I wende,
The maner wille I see.'

p. 39, l. 1081. *is* was to be corrected into *it:* 'Because you slew him that possessed it.'

p. 39, l. 1086. This line, according to Hall's emendation, means: You owe no homage or feudal due, the manor is yours and your heirs'

for ever; *i. e.* the manor is in fee simple, and free from any feudal obligation.

p. 39, st. 95. The text would be improved by putting ll. 1104-6 before 1101-3, although this transposition is not absolutely necessary.

p. 39, l. 1105. *lefte* may be a mistake for *loste;* cf. *Gower*, I. 207 :

> ' Contenaunce for a þrowe
> He loste.'

p. 40, l. 1117. Cf. Ritson's *Met. Rom.*, III. p. 341 f., and Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 436.

p. 40, l. 1121. *he bare* looks rather suspicious, but it is supported by l. 2169. The author is about to describe the figures inlaid on the shield. Cf. *Eglamour*, l. 1030 f. :

> ' *He bare* in azure[1] a grype of golde,
> Rychely beton on the molde.'

p. 40, l. 1124. This line is hopelessly spoilt; the scribe, careless as he was, has almost literally repeated l. 1121 ; l. 1125 directly continues the description begun before.

p. 40, l. 1132. Is *than I haue in tale* right? We expect rather: *than I can telle in tale.*

p. 41, l. 1138 f. Cf. l. 1587 f.

p. 41, l. 1143. I thought it necessary to insert *mete*, although Mätzner, *Wörterbuch*, II. p. 274, cites this line as the only instance in the M.E. literature for *glad* as a substantive. But even the sense is very poor without this addition.

p. 41, l. 1144. As to a man riding into the hall, cf. Skeat's note to Chaucer's *Squiere's Tale*, l. 80, and Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 6253 f.

p. 41, l. 1150 f. I hope my alterations in l. 1151 are right. It cannot be said that the King of Aragon defends the lady unless somebody has laid claims to her. Torrent wants either three combats or the lady, quite a regular occurrence in mediæval romances.

p. 41, l. 1154. *none*, i. e. *no lady.*

p. 41, l. 1160. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 138.

p. 41, l. 1165. *the gres*, which word is here required by the rhyme, is, in the same way as in this passage, used for ' battle-field,' in *Perceval*, l. 1225 f. :

> ' Hedes and helmys ther was,
> I telle ȝow withowttene lese,
> Many layde *one the gresse*,
> And many brode schelde.'

p. 42, l. 1181. *For tynding of his hand* = for fear of (= *for*) the beating (blows) of his hand. Schoolboy slang still keeps the word ' *to tund*' = to beat with something flat.—HALL.

p. 42, l. 1193. On this expression Skeat treats in *Notes to P. Pl.*, p. 3987, to which note I refer the reader. Cf. *Li B. Disc.*, l 130 f. (Ritson, *Rom.* II. p. 6) :

> ' Hys schon wer with gold ydyght
> And *kopeth* as a knyght.'

[1] So *Percy Fol. MS.*; *aserre* Thornt.

p. 43, l. 1198 f. : 'None of them said a single word, But that Torrent had been right to do so as he had done.'

p. 43, l. 1211. There is an evident contradiction between this line and l. 1199. I suppose the word *waried* to be wrong ; but I am not able to give a fairly certain emendation of it.

p. 44, l. 1228 f. : 'The king had supposed he was dead, and, indeed, foolhardy he was to undertake an adventure like this.'

p. 45, l. 1268 f. This fight between the giant Cate and Torrent reminds us in some points of the combat between Guy and Colbrond. Like the old northern *holmganga*, both fights take place on an island, and in both cases the giant declines to sit on horseback, because he is too heavy ; cf. *Guy of Warwike*, Edinburgh, 1840, l. 9940 ff. :

'When þai had sworn and ostage founde,
Colbrond stirt vp in þat stounde,
To fi3t he was ful felle.
He was so michel and so vnrede,
That no hors mi3t him lede,
In gest as y you telle.
So mani he hadde of armes gere,
Vnneþe a cart mi3t hem bere,
Þe Inglisse for to quelle.'

p. 45, l. 1270. *he* instead of *him* is remarkable ; this personal construction, provided that it is right, would offer an analogue to *I am wo* instead of *me is wo ;* cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 245.

p. 45, l. 1271 = l. 1546.

p. 46, l. 1307. This line ought probably to run thus :

'*Sir Torent praid, as was his wonne.*'

p. 47, l. 1337 f. This is SAINT *Nycholas de Barr*, not sir N., as the copyist has put. He was hardly a cleric, or he would have known the Boy Bishop. An English reference for S. Nicholas is Alban Butler, *Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs*, etc., vol. vii. p. 989, Dublin, 1833. His day is Dec. 6th, consequently he is not in *Acta Sanctorum ;* see besides *Altenglische legenden, Neue folge*, ed. Horstmann, Heilbronn, 1881, p. 11—16, and Barbour's *Legendensammlung*, ed. Horstmann, I. p. 229—245. *Barr* is *Bari* in Italy, and Barbour, I. p. 238, l. 601 f., knew it was two syllables (cf. the rhyme *þame be : Barre*). Nicholas was the patron of sailors, and churches on the sea-coast in all parts of Europe were dedicated to him. Now as Sir Torrent had been in peril at sea, he offers to him. It was customary to offer garments at such shrines. See Hampson, *Medii Ævi Kalendarium*, I. p. 72. Hence I propose for l. 1338 : *A grett Erldome and a simarr. Simarr* is not a common word, which makes it all the more probable here, since the uncommon words are those which are corrupted and lost. See *Prompt. Parv.*, I. p. 75 : '*chymer, abella*,' that is 'abolla, cloak.' M. E. *simar*, Fr. *simarre*.—HALL. I have not hesitated for a moment to introduce this sagacious conjecture into the text ; also the correction of *redith* into *tas* I owe to Mr. Hall.

p. 48, l. 1353. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Sir Tristrem*, l. 2508.

p. 48, l. 1364. We ought probably to read *she* instead of *he*.

p. 48, l. 1367 f. Cf. l. 1756 f.

p. 48, l. 1378. Cf. *Sir Tristrem*, l. 2458:

'Bi holtes and bi hille.'

p. 49, l. 1385 ff. Here he addresses the King of Portugal. In l. 1385 *the* is superfluous, and should perhaps be struck out.

p. 49, l. 1395. *fend* = *defend;* cf. Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 576.

p. 51, l. 1443 f. As the existence of *fede* = *fode*, 'fellow' is proved by no other passage, we ought perhaps to write *As spede me god: ffode*, or *As g. me save: knave*, instead of *As god me spede: ffede.*

p. 51, l. 1445. The alteration of *fleand*, which is absurd here, into *failand* is supported by l. 1280.

p. 51, l. 1446. As to *make* instead of *made*, cf. l. 332.

p. 51, l. 1463. Cf. l. 2090 f. I am afraid neither of these passages is quite right.

p. 53, l. 1518. Perhaps we ought to read:

'And out of the valey he hyd swith.'

p. 54, l. 1531. I don't believe that the poet used the word *tree* thrice within these four lines; perhaps he wrote for l. 1531: *Shold not drawe it, parde.*

p. 54, l. 1551. Cf. *Guy*, ed. Zupitza, l. 5430:

'To reste þer horsys a lytull wyght,'

and Zupitza's note to l. 419.

p. 55, l. 1570. Cf. Stratmann's note to *Havelok*, l. 1129 (*Englische studien*, I. p. 424).

p. 56, l. 1592. *To the I haue full good gate* means, 'I am fully entitled to kill you.' I don't recollect to have met with any parallel passage.

p. 56, l. 1600. That *dynt* is wrong, the rhyme shows as well as the meaning. But whether my alteration is right, seems very doubtful, especially as l. 1609 offers the same rhyming word.

p. 58, st. 142. Rhymes like *dight, be-taught, draught, right* can by no means be admitted. Now, instead of *be-taught* we may be allowed to write *be-teighte* (cf. *Beket*, l. 1827), and l. 1654 may have run:

'He wold haue a draught, aplight.'

p. 59, l. 1676. After *was, sent* may have been dropped.

p. 59, l. 1692. *For his love*, i. e. 'As his sweetheart.'

p. 60, l. 1714. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 52:

'Begge he wex of bonne and blode.'

Ib. l. 1763:

'Ryghtte bygge of bone and blode.'

p. 60, l. 1722: 'All his men agreed with him,' viz. that this was the knight whom he came to seek.

p. 62, l. 1774. Is *her day* = A.S. *aerdagas*, cf. *Havelok*, l. 27? The word is very rare, and in this meaning occurs only in the plural.

p. 62, l. 1777. After *king*, *on kne* may have dropped out.

p. 63, l. 1799. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.*, the Millere's Tale, l. 325 :

'Say what thou wolt, I schal it never telle
To child no wyf, by him that harwed helle.'

Ib., The Sompnoure's Tale, l. 407 :

'Now help, Thomas, for him that harewed helle.'

Perhaps even here, l. 1702, *Iesu, that made hell*, ought to be altered into *I. that harowde hell.*

p. 64, l. 1846. Perhaps we ought to read *ebbyng* instead of *eb*, according to l. 223 ; one can hardly say, that 'the sea is eb.'

p. 68, l. 1961. Instead of *A* I should prefer to read *The*, because this griffon is the same which robbed the child before.

p. 69, l. 1982. *Of what lond that he is left*, i. e. 'Wherever he may be born.'

p. 69, l. 1991 f. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 50 f. :

'He sayd : Fro tyme he kepe tham con,
My landes I shall hym take.'

p. 70, l. 2002. *It is good in euery fight*, i. e. there is a stone in the ring which heals wounds, if they are touched with it; cf. Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 8018.

p. 70, 2010. Halliwell, p. 306, explains *disparlid* by 'beaten down, destroyed,' a meaning which is not fit for this passage. I read with a slight addition *disparplid* = 'dispersed,' a rare word ; cf. *Stratmann*, p. 156.

p. 71, l. 2026. *But* is probably to be altered into *And.*

p. 72, l. 2053. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 3068.

p. 72, l. 2075. One might be inclined to write :

'That my two children vncrystonyd ware,'

but I don't think that we are obliged to change : 'I cared only for that one thing, That my two children might be christened.'

p. 74, l. 2126. For *hing* instead of *heng* cf. Mätzner, *Sprachproben*, I. 1, p. 292, note to line 675, where *hynges* rhymes with *springes*.

p. 74, l. 2135. *hede vale*, i. e. principal, best choice ; *vale* = *wale*, or perhaps aphetic for *avale* = value.—HALL.

p. 74, l. 2138. *born* seems to me somewhat suspicious, though I cannot propose a better reading ; *and torn* instead of *born* wouldn't do.

p. 75, l. 2152. The imperfect rhyme shows that there is something wrong in this line ; it may be restored thus :

'Loo, lordys good and hende.'

p. 75, l. 2153. *wyll haue* has probably been inserted here from the following line ; we ought to read *has*.

p. 75, l. 2157. *Season for to hold*, i. e. 'in order to hold court.' But I don't know another instance of *season* with this meaning.

p. 76, l. 2174. This line involves a contradiction to l. 2158 f.

p. 76, l. 2185. *smote* means the same as *caste;* cf. *King Horn*, ed. Wissmann, l. 1038:

'And ankere gunne caste.'

The only question is, whether *ankere* is allowed to be supplied or must be added; cf. l. 2203.

p. 77, l. 2209—2214. The Sultan informs Torrent by messengers, that the inhabitants of the town are starving, evidently appealing to his generosity. Torrent answers him, that if they will lie here, *i. e.* leave the town, they are to have victuals enough. But the Sultan doesn't accept this condition, and so the siege is continued. That seems to me to be the meaning of this half of the stanza.

p. 77, l. 2216 f. *dede* means here, and l. 2400, 'exploit, battle.' In the same way Saber, Beves's uncle, once a year on a certain day fights against the Emperor; cf. *Sir Beues*, l. 2917 ff.:

'& eueri ȝer on a dai certaine
Vpon þemperur of Almaine
He ginneþ gret bataile take,
Beues, al for þine sake.'

It agrees very well with the religious feelings of the Middle Ages, when they thought it a merit to fight against the heathens on Good Friday; cf. here l. 2230 ff.

p. 77, l. 2224 ff. I am afraid there is something wrong in these lines; the copyist seems to mean, that Torrent didn't bereave the inhabitants of their worldly goods, their treasures; then we must write *them* for *it*. But what we really expect here is, that he leaves in the town some trustworthy men to keep it. Accordingly, the fault lies in *Worldely goodis*. Besides, l. 2224, *did wyn*, instead of *was yn*, would improve the rhyme.

p. 77, l. 2232. *bryght* is a rather odd epithet to *Sarȝins*.

p. 78, l. 2233 ff. Fifteen years have past since Torrent began to fight against the infidels: he besieges the first town two years (cf. l. 2189), the second, six years (cf. l. 2206), the third, seven years (cf. l. 2230). Meanwhile, the education of a young man being finished at the age of fifteen (cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 287), his son had become just old enough to win his spurs.

p. 78, l. 2240. I doubt whether *ordeyn* can be allowed to stand without an object, such as *your folk*, or *your ships;* cf. *Robert of Glo'ster*, ed. Hearne, p. 139, l. 19:

'He bigan to ordeyne ys folk, & to batail aȝen drow.'

p. 78, l. 2256: 'Woebegone was she, that must see that,' viz. that 'le leopard took away her sone.'

p. 78, l. 2259 f. The meaning of these two lines is not quite perspicuous, and they may be corrupt; only this one thing is clear, that these two knights are Torrent and his son, who belong to different parties.

p. 79, l. 2269 ff. It may be that ll. 2269-71 and ll. 2272-74 are

to be transposed, but I don't think it necessary: Torrent's men flee when they see that their chief has surrendered.

p. 80, l. 2302. *wekid* = wicked, mischievous. But I don't recollect to have met with this adj. as an epithet to *land* or *country*.

p. 80, l. 2304. Cf. *Tristrem*, l. 88, Kölbing's note to that passage, and *York Plays*, p. 438, l. 155:

'For, certys, my lyf days are nere done.'

p. 80, l. 2316. The alteration of this line is rather a radical one; but there was no other way to restore the rhyme; I think that first, *day* and *nyȝt* had changed their places in line 2313, and then the copyist, in order to get a rhyme to *nyȝt*, spoilt the latter line.

p. 81, l. 2335. *be my ffaye* and *parmaffay* in the same stanza, and both in the rhyme, are rather poor; one of these lines may have run thus:

'Be god of heven, the king gan say.'

p. 82, l. 2357. The same confusion between *turment* and *turnament* occurs in *Ipomadon*, l. 2868; cf. Kölbing's note to this line.

p. 83, l. 2392. Cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 3958:

'A mercy, syr, for Crystes pitte,'

and Kölbing's note to this line.

p. 83, l. 2395 f. Cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 3064, where he cites an interesting parallel passage to this line from *Guy of Warwick*, ed. Zupitza, l. 4707 f.:

'ȝyt þou art the trewest knyght,
That euer slepyd in wynturs nyght.'

p. 83, l. 2405. *and* is perhaps miswritten for *an* or *on*.

p. 83, l. 2407. This line, as it stands, is rather odd; perhaps it ought to be identical with l. 1128.

p. 84, l. 2420. *juster, jouster*, means here a knight who joins in a joust or tournament: in the only other passage where it is known to occur, *Alis.*, l. 1400, it is a horse for tourneying.

p. 84, l. 2433 = l. 2456; cf. *Ipomadon*, l. 8830:

'*Euery man in there degre.*'

p. 85, l. 2450. On *roial*, cf. Kölbing's note to *Ipomadon*, l. 64. To *a roall ffyght* may be compared Shakespeare's *A royal battle* (*Rich. III.*, IV. iv.).

p. 85, l. 2461. *with oute lent* = 'without fasting'? I have not met with this expletive phrase anywhere else.

p. 86, l. 2493. It was not superfluous to mention this fact, because knights were very often killed in tournaments; cf. Niedner, *Das deutsche turnier im XII. und XIII. Iahrhundert*, Berlin, 1881, p. 24. See also R. Brunne's *Handlyng-Synne*, ed. Furnivall, 1862, p. 144-6.

p. 87, l. 2518-20. As to the meaning of *couplid*, cf. Mätzner, *Wörterbuch*, I. p. 491. These lines evidently mean that gentlemen and ladies sit alternately, what one calls in German, *bunte reihe machen*.

Cf. A. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben Zur Zeit der Minnesinger*, I. p. 330, and P. Pietsch, Bunte Reihe, *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*, vol. xvi. Halle, 1884, p. 231, who cites from *Biterolf*, l. 7399 ff. :

'Do hiezens under mîne man
Ir ingesinde wol getân
Sich teilen in dem palas,
Daz kein mîn recke dâ was,
Ern sæze zwischen magedîn.'

p. 87, l. 2526. *emell* was added by Hall in order to restore the rhyme with *Desonell.*

p. 88, l. 2535. For this correction, cf. Zupitza's note to *Guy*, l. 600.

p. 90, l. 2593. After *marked*, *them* may have dropped; cf. *Layamon*, l. 5642 f. :

'And heom markede forð,
Touward Munt-giu heo ferden,'

instead of which lines the later MSS. writes :

'Hii nome riht hire way
Touward Muntageu.'

p. 90, l. 2597. On *castelletoure* cf. Kölbing's note to *Tristrem*, l. 158.

p. 91, l. 2636. Cf. Kölbing's notes to *Amis and Amiloun*, l. 1019, and to *The lyfe of Ipomadon*, l. 506. Here the expression, *no good he ne couth* means, he was quite feeble and strengthless.

p. 92, l. 2658. *up-tyed* = so limited by the deed of foundation that they (the churches and abbeys) could not be diverted to any other purpose.—Hall.

p. 92, l. 2661. Cf. *Eglamour*, l. 1339, Lincoln MS. :

'In Rome this romance crouned es.'

The Cambridge MS. reads instead :

'In Rome thys geste cronyculd ys.'

I am inclined to think that *crouned* is nothing else but a misreading for *cronyculd.* Afterwards, considered to be correct, it has originated expressions like those we find here.

GLOSSARY.

Abydde, 2/41, *vb.* to endure.
a-bye, 21/569, *vb.* to pay for.
actone, 79/2276, *sb.* a jacket of quilted cotton. Cf. Skeat's Glossary to *Wars of Al.*, s. v.
ago, 3/65, *pp.* gone.
a-right, 48/1364, *pt. s.* prepared, served up.
assent, 48/1357, *sb.* proposal.
assttyt, 23/640, *adv.* at once.
auter, 68/1952, *sb.* altar.
avented, 54/1554, *pt. s. refl.* recovered his breath.
aventorres, 2/39, *sb. pl.* adventures.
aventurly, 44/1229, *adv.* boldly.
axithe, 10/260, *pr.* 3 *sg.* asks.

Balle, 15/400, *sb.* bale.
bane,* 29/794, *sb.* bone; 52/1478, *sb.* destruction, death; 59/1678, *sb.* over-comer.
bare, 53/1502, *pr. s.* stabbed.
barys, 35/978, *sb. pl.* bars.
bayte, 54/1553, *vb.* to pasture.
bed, 29/793, *pp.* offered.
bent, 25/701, 86/2487, *sb.* battle-field.
berdles, 36/1015, *adj.* beardless.
bere, 37/1045, *vb.* to stab.
be-stad, 29/808, *pp.* sore bestad = distressed.
bet, 57/1622, *pt. s.* beat.
be-taught, 58/1651, *pp.* surrendered, delivered.
bett, 55/1585, *pp.* beaten; 40/1123, *pp.* ornamented.
be-tyde, 45/1270, *vb.* to befall; cf. the note to this line.
beytyng, 36/1008, *vb. sb.*, baiting.?
bla,* 9/237, *adj.* pale, wan; cf. the note.
blo,* 13/351, *adj.* blue.
blynd, 4/87, *pr. s. conj.* blind.
bode, 18/498, *pr. s.* ordered.
boffettes, 85/2472; *buffettes*, 56/1596, *sb. pl.* blow, dint.
bone, 55/1565, *sb.* prayer.
bord, 29/819, 42/1194, *sb.* table.
bowes, 51/1451, *sb. pl.* bough, branch.
bowght, 21/556, *sb.* bend.
brayd, 56/1598, *sb.* sudden attack.
broke, 30/833, 48/1354, *vb.* to enjoy.
browȝ, 24/654, *sb.* rising ground, hill.
byddythe, 18/500, *pr. s.* waited, remained.
byght, 22/605, *vb.* to bite.
byne, 2/46, *vb.* to be.
byrlyd, 11/292, 12/329, *pr. s.* to pour out.

Castell toure, 90/2597, *sb.* castle tower.
chaffare, 35/986, *sb.* bargain.
chalenge, 41/1150; *pr. s.* 41/1163; *pr. s. conj.* challenge.
cheff-foster, 21/574, *sb.* chief-foster.
ches, 26/718, *pr. s.* chose.
chyrge, 29/814, *sb.* church.
clarkys, 1/12, *sb. pl.* clerks.
clere, 3/62, *adj. clere of*, renowned for.
clow,* 20/542, *sb.* clough.
cobled, 46/1298, *adj.* cobled stones = cobblestones.
comely, 26/722, *adv.* in a comely manner; cf. the note.
contenance,* 3/75, *sb.* countenance, presence of mind.
cord, 48/1357, *pr. s.* accord.
coueryd, 87/2506, *pr. pl. Vp they coueryd* = They recovered.?
countenance, 39/1105, *sb.* countenance.
couped, 42/1193, *pp.*; cf. the note.

coupled, 87/2520, *pp.* coupled; cf. the note.
coursus, 41/1150, 42/1177, *sb. pl.* courses.
couth, 46/1295, 91/2636, *pr. s.* knew.
craftely, 54/1527, *adv.* skilfully.
crest, 40/1128; *creste*, 83/2407, *sb.* crest.
croke, 36/1018, 37/1042, 55/1577, 56/1607, 58/1652, *sb.* crook.

Dalle, 21/562, *sb.* valley.
delyuer, 41/1154, *vb.*; 41/1151, *imp.* to deliver up; *delyuerd*, 63/1806, 1808, *pp.* delivered of a child; *delyuerd*, 82/2372, *pp.* released?
dent, 2/41, *sb.* blow.
departid, 47/1329, *pr. pl.* divorced.
dewe, 4/38, *sb.* dieu.
deyr, 2/37, *adj.* dear.
deyse, 38/1067, 42/1192, *sb.* dais.
dight, 39/1081, *pr. s.* built.
disparplid,* 70/2010, *pp.* dispersed; cf. the note.
dong, 61/1754, *pr. pl.* dung, beat.
dourst, 3/81, *prs. sg.* darest.
draught, 58/1654, *sb.* draught.
dryee, 36/994, *vb.* endure.
duchyes, 33/933, *sb. pl.* duchies.
dulful, 19/519, *adj.* troublesome.
dynnyng, 52/1487, *sb.* roaring.
dyspisyst, 2/47, *prs.* 2 *sg.* despisest.

Eb, 64/1846, *sb.* ebb; cf. the note.
ebbyd, 8/223, *pp.* ebbing.
ech, 92/2657, *pron.* each.
eche, 24/649, *sb.* oak.
endentyd, 9/227, *pp.* indented, adorned.
erber, 65/1868, *sb.* garden of pleasure.
ermyght, 36/1008, *sb.* ?
eyllythe, 34/958, *prs.* 3 *sg.* ails.

Fall, 47/1331, *vb.* to fell, kill.
fame, 2/31, *sb.* foam.
fare, 44/1234, *sb.* at that fare = under these circumstances.
farly, 2/44; *ferly*, 69/1974, 71/2035, *sb.* wonder.
fawe,* 16/431, *adj.* destined to death.
fede,* 2/30, *sb.* feed, pasture ground; cf. the note.
ffede, 51/1444. *sb.*; cf. the note.
fell, 85/2444, *adj.* strong, able.
fell, 1/21, 4/90, *vb.* to fell, kill; *fellythe*, 3/82, *pr.* 3 *sg.* fells.
fere, 3/69, 4/98, 4/102, 33/931, 85/2466, *sb.* companion.
fesomnyd, 2/28, *pr. s.*; cf. the note.
fet, 12/309, *pp.* fetched.
ffettouris, 81/2333, *sb. pl.* fetters.
flyng, 67/1927, *vb.* to hasten.
flyngyng, 14/378, *p. prs.* hastening.
fode, 36/1012, *sb.* food; *ffode*, 64/1823, *sb.* child, wight.
ffont, 69/1993, *sb.* font.
forsake, 26/724, *vb.* to leave behind.
fforward, 61/1743, *sb.* agreement.
fraye, 23/638, *sb.* attack.
freke, 58/1661, *sb.* warrior.
frethe, 6/161, *sb.* forest.
fyle, 33/911, *sb.* fill.
ffyne, 39/1086, *sb.* fine.
fytte, 17/458, *sb. pl.* feet.
fytyng, 7/1731, *p. prs.* fighting.

Gadlyng, 36/1015, *sb.* vagabond.
gale, 46/1313, *sb.* galley.
gas, 4/103, *prs.* 3 *sg.* goes.
gestonye, 82/2374, 91/2625, 91/2627, *sb.* banquet, feast.
get'e, 71/2042, *prs.* 3 *sg.* goes.
glemyrryng, 16/426, *p. prs.* glimmering.
governe, 28/779, *vb. refl.* to behave.
greme,* 67/1929, *sb.* grief, sorrow.
grenmyng, 40/1126, *p. prs.* distorting, gaping.
gryffon, 69/1971; *greffon*, 69/1981, *sb.* griffin.
grype, 68/1961, *sb.* griffin.

Harood, 60/1711, *sb.* herald; 82/2365; *harroldys*, *sb. pl.* heralds.
harood, 63/1799, *pr. s.* distracted.
hed, 17/444, *sb.* heed.
hede, 74/2126, *vb.* to behead.
hede-vale, 74/2135, 91/2621, *sb.* principal value; cf. the note to l. 2135.
hedles, 25/702, *adj.* headless.
hende, 4/106, *adj.* courteous.
herne,* 37/1030, *sb.* brains.
hered,* 14/371, *sb.* head.
hight, 65/1860, *sb.* height.
housell, 45/1272; *howsell*, 74/2139, *sb.* housel.
howge, 20/548, *adj.* huge, enormous.

howt, 25/703, *adv.* out.
hurt, 57/1625, *sb.* hurt.

I-bye, 43/1222, *vb.* to pay for.
i-wysse, 15/391, *adv.* surely.
juster, 84/2420, *sb.* jousting knight.

Kene, 2/47, *adj.* brave.
kerpyng, 92/2662, *vb. sb.* talking.

Lade, 58/1663, *sb.* load, i. e. a lot of blows.
lay, 6/165, 52/1492, *sb.* grass land, bank.
lede, 2/36, *sb.* country.
lemyred, 11/291, *pr. s.* glimmered.
lenage, 18/491, *sb.* lineage, family.
lende, 1/9, *prs. pl.* go.
leng, 32/899, *vb.* to stay.
lent, 85/2461, *sb.* lent?
leryd, 40/1110, *pp.* informed.
lifte, 45/1273, *vb.* to lift.
lothly, 34/964, 35/991; lothely, 53/1508, 54/1534, *adj.* loathsome.
love, 59/1692, *sb.* love, sweet-heart.
lyst, 1/7, *vb.* to listen.
lythe, 13/337, *vb.* to listen.
lyvelode, 83/2384, *sb.* livelihood.

Maistershipmon, 50/1425, *sb.* captain.
mall, 12/322, *sb.* hammer, club.
markyd, 90/2592, *pr. s.* directed.
mate, 25/678, *adj.* faint, exhausted.
mayneręy, 16/435, *sb.* banquet, feast.
maystry, 8/212, *sb.* mastery; *maystres*, 28/789, *sb. pl.* = *maystries*, exploits?
meche, 10/270, 20/531, 26/713, 37/1040, *adj.* much, great.
met, 25/700, *pr. s.* measured.
moche, 49/1399, 76/2195, *adj.* much, great.
myd mete, 41/1141, 42/1189, *sb.* the middle of the dinner.
mylle, 3/79, *sb.* mile.
myrre, 11/293, 34/943, *adj.* merry.
myster, 21/581, *sb.* need, want.

Nonys, 46/1299, *in phr. for þe nones*, for the once, for the occasion.
noryse, 67/1928, *sb.* nurse.
not,* 54/1535, *prs. ne wot*, don't know.
nowyd, 6/153, *pp.* annoyed? cf. the note.

Of-smyght, 25/691, *vb.* to cut off.
omage, 39/1086, *sb.* homage.
onfre,* 53/1499, *adj.* unnoble.
on-harnes, 11/302, *vb.* to unharness.
ordor, 2/51, *sb.* order.
ordurres, 2/48, *sb. pl.* knighthood, dub.
ovyr-ryde, 2/40, *vb.* to ride over, to overcome?

Payn, 44/1252, *sb.* fine, mulct.
persewyd,* 17/462, *pp.* pursued.
pertely, 53/1501, *adv.* openly, plainly.
pluckys, 56/1611, *sb.* strokes; cf. Halliwell, Dict., p. 633.
pomell, 26/714, *sb.* pommel.
poynt, 17/445, 88/2540, = *poynt of armys*, 3/68, 30/832, 49/1383, *sb.* exploit.
prekand, 45/1263, *prs. p.* pricking.
preste, 50/1418, *adj.* ready.
preve, 10/275, *adj.* privy.
pyll, 21/573, *sb.* rock?

Ragyd, 7/194, *adj.* ragged.
rawght, 24/645, *pr. s.* gave.
red, 7/178, *sb.* counsel.
reioyse, 75/2151, 80/2309, 91/2640, *vb.* to enjoy.
rerid, 55/1561, *pr. pl.* reared, tried to bring on.
reue, 35/986, *vb.* to bereave, to rob.
reuelid, 85/2467, *pr. pl.* revelled, feasted.
revid, 88/2546, *pp.* robbed.
rewe, 31/860, *vb.* to rue, to pity.
reysed, 46/1313, *pr. pl.* raised, made ready; *reysing*, 51/1454, *prs. p.* rising, starting up.
rially, 87/2516, *adv.* royally.
rialte, 85/2455, *sb.* royal state.
rightfull, 64/1834, *adj.* rightfull.
roall, 85/2450, royal.
rome, 19/516, *sb.* cross-way?
rore, 37/132, *vb.* to roar.
rough, 66/1879, *sb.* wood, copse.
rowe, 50/1426, *prs. pl.* row.
rowght, 24/645, *sb.* stroke, blow?
rude, 58/1666, *adj.* rude.
ryd, 2/44, *pr. s.* rode.

ryde-wey, 22/598, *sb.* spur-way, horse-way.
ryngis, 82/2354, *sb.* ring, arena.
ryved, 73/2090, *pr. s.* ryved up, landed, disembarked; *ryven*, 50/1435, *pr. p.* landed.

Sare, 4/97, *adv.* sorely.
sarten, 26/717, *adj. sb.* the sarten = the truth.
sayment, 2/50, *sb.* trial, exploit.
scape, 81/2327, *prs. subj.* escape.
schedyng, 19/516, *sb.* separation.
scheff-chambyr, 26/718, *sb.* chief-chamber, first rank-chamber.
scheld, 21/578, *vb.* to shelter.
schere, 21/556, *vb.* to shear, to cut.
schope, 21/567, *pr. s.* created.
schowt, 21/570,
shoute, 61/1751, 65/1877, *s.*; *schuot*, 22/594, *vb.* to shout.
season, 75/2157, *sb.* court.
see-fome, 75/2165, *sb.* sea-foam.
sege, 77/2204, *sb.* siege.
sekyrnes, 30/835, *sb.* surety.
semled, 85/2445, *pr. pl.* assembled.
sete, 33/922, *sb.* city.
seth, 74/2141, *conj.* since.
sett, 41/1152, *pr. s.* sat.
sewe, 4/89, *vb.* to look at.
shipped, 45/1260, *pr. s.* 46/1318, *pr. pl.* shypped, *pp.* embarked.
shone, 40/1117, *sb. pl.* shoes.
side lokyng, 57/1637, *sb.* side-glance.
sized, 79/2288, *pr. s.* sighed.
simarr,* 47/1338, *sb.* cloak; see the note.
slade, 58/1660, *sb.* slade.
slon,* 16/458, *sb.* sloe.
smote, 76/2185; *smote adown*, 77/2203, *pr. s.* cast anchor.
solasyd, 24/657, *pr. s.* solaced, comforted.
solemnite, 56/1591, *sb.* pride.
sotell, 61/1761, *adj.* subtle, sly.
sownyng, 49/1400, 62/1782, 90/2615, *sb.* swooning.
sparid, 73/2096, *pr. pl.* barred, blocked up.
sped, 3/70, *prs. conj.* speed.
spent, 67/1910, *pp.* lost.
sperryd, 14/364, *pr. s.* barred, shut up.
sperrys, 5/127, *sb.* spire, tree.
spousage, 62/1791, *sb.* spousage.
sprent, 7/181, *pr. s.* lept.
spryt, 7/181, *sb.* pole.
stad,* 55/1566, *sb.* stead.
state, 60/1729, *sb.* chair of state.
stere,* 24/662, *vb. refl.* move.
steryng, 62/1785, *p. prs.* stirring, moving.
stomlyng, 24/660, *p. prs.* stumbling.
storrope, 35/987, stirrup.
strake, 2/42, *pr. s.* struck.
styll, 18/477, *sb.* steel.
swathing band, 67/1917, *sb.* swath.
swowe,* 20/548, *sb.* noise; cf. the note.
sybbe,* 27/739, *sb.* kinsman.

Takyll, 49/1402, *sb.* tackling.
tall, 26/734, *sb.* tale.
tene, 3/73, *sb.* grief, sorrow.
the, 2/49, *vb.* to thrive.
thede,* 60/1728, *sb.* people.
thefe, 46/1292; *theffe*, 58/1659, *sb.* villain.
theves, 61/1760, *sb. pl.* villains.
thole,* 17/460, *vb.* to suffer.
throng, 38/1057, *sb.* crowd, troop.
thronge, 79/2283, *pr. pl.* thronged, pressed.
tombelyd, 42/1173, *pr. pl.* tumbled.
to-sheverd, 42/1172, *pr. s.* shivered in pieces.
trast,* 17/455, ? *vb.* to trust.
trayll, 46/1314, *vb.* to trail.
trayn, 29/803, 51/1455, *sb.* treachery, deceit.
trompettys, 29/816, 34/443,
trumpettes, 41/1164, *sb. pl.* trumpets.
trovylld, 17/452, *pr. s.* travailed, exerted himself.
trow, 21/572, *pr. s.* believe.
trusse, 13/354, *vb.* to truss.
trussyd, 14/371, *pr. pl.* trussed.
tyed, 92/2658, *pp.*; cf. the note.
tyght, 22/589, *adj.* tight.
tyght, 25/690, *adv.* in phr. *ase tyght*, at once.
tymbyr, 2/40, 81/2349, 86/2483, lance.
tynding, 42/1181, *sb.* beating; cf. the note.

Vale, s. *hede*.
venturus, 55/1566, *adj.* adventurous, dangerous.

vetelid, 76/2188, *pp.* supplied with provisions.
victoure, 83/2411, *sb.* victor.
vnbrydeled, 54/1552, *pr. s.* unbridled.
vnder, 71/2029, *sb.* noon.
vndyr-nethe, 20/542, *prep.* underneath.
vndertane, 61/1733, *vb.* to undertake.

Walloyng, 7/189, *prs. p.* wallowing.
wanne, 62/1767, *adj.* wan, dark.
ward, 48/1351, *sb.* warden.
waried, 43/1211, 88/2544, *pr. pl.* cursed; *waried*, 54/1537, *pp.* cursed.
warne, 29/795, *prs. s.* deny, refuse.
water fflood, 65/1872, *sb.* water-flood.
watt, 44/1247, *prs.* 3 *sg.* knows.
wax, 3/73, *pr. s.* became.
wede, 2/33, *sb.* garment, dress.
wekid, 80/2302, *adj.* wicked; see the note.
were, 57/1623, *vb.* to get tired.
were, 28/773, *adj.* aware.
wet-saffe, 17/466, *pr. s.* vouchsafe.
wexe,* 9/237, *pr. pl.* became.
wight, 54/1551, *sb.* white.
wilsom, 71/2030; *wyld-som*, 20/535; *wyldsome*, 19/506, *adj.* wild, desert.
wis, 53/1525, *vb.* to show.
wod, 14/377, *adj.* mad.
won, 4/94, *adj.* one.
wonande, 1/14, *p. prs.* living.
wondyr-thyng, 2/53, *sb.* wondrous thing.
wonne, 46/1295, *sb.* custom, expedient.
wonne, 46/1307, *pp.* wont? cf. the note.
wonne, 65/1870, *p.* dwelling, living?
wonne, 69/1995, *pp.* won.
wrought vp, 54/1532, *pr. s.* built up, raised.
wyght,* 1/15, 3/60.
wyt, 27/749,
wyhte, 30/548, *adj.* wight.

Yare,* 7/177,* 14/369, 47/1320, *adv.* wholly, yarely.
yatis gone, 71/2025, *sb. pl.* footpaths.
yell, 46/1305, *vb.* to yell.
yell, 52/1487, *sb.* yell.
yf, 61/1740, *imp. s.*
yff, 70/2009, *prs. conj. s.* may give.
ylke, 25/694, 63/1801, *pron.* same.

INDEX OF NAMES.

Adolake, 434, the name of a sword; *Adyloke*. 665; *Hatheloke*, 791.
Adryan, 927, St. Hadrian.
Amyas, 345, a young prince.
Antioche, 2229, Antiochia.
Antony, 1874, 1940, 1970, 2558, St. Antony.
Antony fice greffoun, 1998, 2435, 2476, *Torrent's* son.
Aragon, 1114, 1152, 1182, 1212, 1257, 1325, 2110; *Eragon*, 765.
Awsden, 1029, St. Austin.

Be-gon-mese, 101, a giant.
Berweyne, 344; see *Jakys*.
Brasille, 1450, a forest on the Norwegian coast.

Calabur, 847, 907, 952, 1059, 1320, 2113, Calabria.
Calamond, 1221, King of Portugal; *Calomond*, 2116, 2168; *Colomand*, 2104; *Colomond*, 1408, 2143.
Cardon, 1091, a town in Calabria.
Cargon, 1326, a town in Aragon.
Cate, 1238, 1254, 1293, 1593, a giant.

Desonelle, 109, 382, 446, 450, 478, 673, 795, 859, 985, 1102, 1135, 1161, 1359, 1393, 1703, 1780, 2006, 2059, 2077, 2092, 2173, 2401, 2424, 2500, 2509, 2523, 2533, 2587, 2614; King *Calamond's* daughter. *Torrent's* spouse; *Dissonelle*, 1329; *Dysonelle*, 32.

Elyoner, 347, daughter of the King of *Gales*.

Flonthus, 1005, *Slonges of Flonthus*, a giant.
Fuolles, 748, *Slogus of Fuolles*, variation of the former name.

Gales, 346, 408, 417.
Gendres, 1747, daughter of the King of Norway.
George, 1677, St. George.
Grece, 2419, 2434, 2557, 2643, Greece.
Grekes, 79, 1282, 2179, 2645, Greeks.
Gryffen, 1215, St. Griffon.

Hungry, 970, Hungary.

Jakys, 344, *Jakys of Berweyne*, a young prince.
Jame, 744, 788, St. James.
Jerusalem, 1897, 1921, 1938, 2236, 2245, 2275, 2426, 2473, 2554, 2633.
Jesus, 134, 274, 537, 540, 675, 996, 1340, 1371, 1382, 1447, 1539, 1564, 1702, 1799, 1937, 1985, 1997, 2218, 2580; *Iesu Cryst*, 206, 529, 1275, 1832, 1852, 2664.
John, 1884, 2140, 2514, 2559, St. John.

Katryn, 2053, St. Catherine.

Leobertus, 1925, 2246, 2477, *Torrent's* son.

Marre, 85, 624; *Mary*, 136, 1308, 1565, 1646, 1888, 1906, 1946, 1969, 2098, 2311; *Marry*, 61, 259, 863.
Mavdeleyn, 489; *Mawdleyn*, 505, 737, Maudlin, name of a forest.
Mowupolyardnus, 716, the name of a sword.
Myhelle, 753, St. Michael.

Nazareth, 465, 2032, 2041, 2389, 2437, 2528.

Norway, 1370, 1377, 1412, 1417, 1759, 1781, 2083.
Nycholas de Barr, 1337, St. Nicholas de Bari; see the note.

Peron, 1776, 1830; *Perowne*, 659; *Perrown*, 412, a town in Portugal.
Pervens, 420, 1095, 1320; *Pervyns*, 868, 2113, Provence; *Provyns*, 397, 413.
Portingale, 1069, 1346, 2090, 2095, 2593; *Portyngale*, 1772, 2134, 2176, 2413, 2620; *Portynggalle*, 13, 25, 374, 399, 727, 763, 877, 883, 1255, Portugal.

Quarelle, 2182, 2415, a town in Syria.

Raynes, 2414, a town in Syria.
Rochense, 637, a giant.
Rome, 12, 118, 187, 190, 198, 558, 924, 1224, 1282, 1319, 1924, 2183, 2626, 2661.

Samson, 95, Samson.
Sarzins, 2232, Saracens.
Sathanas, 1237, Satan.
Slochys, 850; *Slogus*, 748; *Slonges*, 1005; *Slongus*, 967, a giant.

Torrayne, 26, Touraine.
Torren, 343.
Torrent, 34, 46, 49, 61, 91, 133, 148, 181, 200, 203, 217, 224, 230, 252, 280, 295, 302, 314, 392, 399, 432, 466, 470, 477, 480, 495, 504, 519, 528, 540, 556, 577, 585, 591, 621, 634, 642, 645, 648, 663, 670, 677, 681, 687, 691, 693, 699, 733, 739, 752, 768, 772, 819, 824, 825, 828, 834, 839, 843, 852, 877, 883, 896, 946, 957, 984, 987, 999, 1006, 1021, 1023, 1039, 1044, 1051, 1060, 1072, 1119, 1163, 1167, 1170, 1176, 1200, 1256, 1263, 1270, 1284, 1298, 1414, 1434, 1480, 1535, 1699, 1756, 1838, 1903, 2081, 2485, 2630; *Terrant*, 142; *Terrent*, 85; *Torent*, 157, 205, 756, 784, 1246, 1254, 1278, 1293, 1307, 1317, 1322, 1325, 1331, 1347, 1355, 1367, 1379, 1391, 1437, 1443, 1494, 1511, 1517, 1562, 1569, 1598, 1613, 1622, 1724, 1727, 1780, 1811, 2084, 2097, 2107, 2117, 2120, 2140, 2150, 2155, 2179, 2191, 2197, 2209, 2224, 2244, 2257, 2263, 2269, 2281, 2330, 2362, 2380, 2478, 2479, 2482, 2489, 2495, 2501, 2503, 2511, 2534, 2567, 2575, 2603, 2611, 2617, 2642, 2649; *Torrant*, 70, 76, 103, 241, 253, 364, 380, 657, 760, 840, 963; *Tyrrant*, 18.

Velond, 427, Veland the smith.
Verdownys, 305, 341, 410, son of the King of Provence.

Weraunt, 1650, a giant.

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